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NEXT WEEK will appear in

THE ACADEMY

The Nineteenth of a Series of
Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

BY CARNEADES, Junior.

ADDRESSED TO
Mr. NORMAN ANGELL.

PREVIOUS LETTERS:

No. 1. Mr. Hall Caine (April 11). No. 2. Miss Marie Corelli (April 18). No. 3. Mr. Arnold Bennett (April 25). No. 4. Mr. H. G. Wells (May 2). No. 5. Mr. Rudyard Kipling (May 9). No. 6. Sir Rider Haggard (May 16). No. 7. Mr. Henry James (May 23). No. 8. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (May 30). No. 9. Mr. Thomas Hardy (June 6). No. 10. Mr. A. C. Benson (June 13). No. 11. Sir Gilbert Parker (June 20). No. 12. Viscount Morley (June 27). No. 13. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer (July 4). No. 14. Mr. Archibald Marshall (July 11). No. 15. Mr. A. E. W. Mason (July 18). No. 16. Mr. E. Temple Thurston (July 25). No. 17. Maurice Hewlett (August 1).

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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	171	Fiction	185
Simplicity	173	Music	186
The Angel Chanty	173	Educational	187
The War	173	"Academy" Acrostics	188
The Trial of Madame Cail- laux—III	174	Belgium and her Independence	188
Letters to Certain Eminent Authors—XVIII	174	The Failure of Country Life	189
The Anecdotic "Faculty" ...	176	The Conny-Catching Pam- phlets of Robert Greene ...	190
The Begging Nuisance	178	Casablanca To-day	192
Some Subtle Arts of India... ..	179	Byways of Java: A Drive in Banjoewangi	193
Reviews:		The Theatre:	
The Making of the Ger- man Empire	180	"Queen at Seventeen" ...	194
Art and the Cathedral ...	180	At St. Stephen's Shrine	195
"Comes the Blind Fury..."	181	Motoring	197
Translation No Treason... ..	182	In the Temple of Mammon	198
A Herald of Revolt	183	Correspondence	200
Shorter Reviews	183	Books Received	200

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Notes of the Week

WAR has come with startling suddenness. Europe, so long an armed camp, is now in conflict from end to end. The only people who do not appear to have been taken by surprise are the British Government. History will have revelations to make, we fancy, which will redound to the credit of Sir Edward Grey and certain of his colleagues. What Sir Edward Grey had foreseen, they quietly prepared for, and, when the enemy declared himself, Great Britain was ready to strike. In the midst of our domestic strife, we have been taking precautions which enabled the Navy to move at an instant's notice and the military forces of the kingdom to be mobilised without a hitch. Mr. Lloyd George must have known that the skies were lowering when he assured the House of Commons that he saw signs of the weariness of nations under the burdens of their armaments. If by that statement he threw dust in the eyes of the British people, he also threw dust in the eyes of Europe. Germany will realise to-day that England, under the leadership of stalwart patriots like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith, whatever may have

been said of them in party recrimination, is just what she was in Pitt's day. With quite a different meaning, William II may say of Sir Edward Grey what Frederick the Great said of Pitt: "England, long in labour, has produced a man!"

Sir Edward Grey's speech on Monday will become a classic. Its frankness, its restraint, its appeal to all that is best in the British character reduced everything that could be said against it to what Mr. Balfour described as the "dregs and lees." Sir Edward fully realised the awful responsibility resting on the Government, and he did not flinch from putting the issue with incisive simplicity before Parliament. Never in party history has there been such a closing of the ranks. The Opposition are with the Government to a man, and Home Rule, the Parliament Act, Finance Bills, and all the rest of it have been thrust into the background as by the wave of a patriot-magician's wand. The Little Englander will yap to a stray sympathetic cur. Britain's honour was involved in regard to both France and Belgium, and Britain stands by her engagements, refusing to be bluffed by any German promise as to the northern coasts of France or the future integrity of Belgium. Germany wanted her fleet to be free from the attention of the British fleet in the North Sea; it was a trap into which the British Government might have walked blindly if they had listened to the counsels of the Morleys, the Massinghams, and the MacDonalds.

Whatever be the upshot of the war, one thing it will certainly do. It will profoundly modify relations of parties at home. It may even pave the way to the settlement of the Irish problem. Mr. Redmond's speech has given a new interpretation to the words: "England's difficulties are Ireland's opportunity." He has made the crisis the occasion of a declaration which, accepted at its face value, as we hope and believe it may be, means that we can never again look at the Home Rule problem quite in the same light. If dire necessity demands, the Government may, he said, remove its troops from Ireland, and her defence will be undertaken by Nationalist and Ulster Volunteers in comradeship. It was as notable a declaration as the suggestion of the Belfast *Northern Whig*, the staunchest and most influential of the Irish papers supporting Sir Edward Carson, that, if the Nationalists would meet Ulster half-way and show that Ulster's fears were misplaced, a settlement was not impossible. If Mr. Redmond's speech was intended as a response to that invitation, it could not have been more prompt or more significant. It was a hint to the whole world that even Nationalist Ireland is British to the core. May the tragedy of the moment have at least one issue so happy!

Ireland apart, the most impressive demonstration which the events of the past few days have brought is

from the British Dominions beyond the seas. Australia is prepared to place 20,000 men at the disposal of the Imperial Government; Canada is prepared with 75,000 men; even South Africa is eager to help. Great Britain's war is our war, they exclaim with one accord, and in Australia, where parties are in the midst of an appeal to the constituencies, there is unity in face of what is recognised as a common danger and a common call. Mr. Fisher, the Labour leader, is almost more emphatic than Mr. Cook, the Liberal Premier. In Canada, enthusiasm grows with every hour, and Quebec, the home of the descendants of New France, is deeply moved by the determination of the Imperial Government to stand by France. Sir Robert Borden would only have to ask Parliament to-day to sanction the Canadian Dreadnoughts, and they would be approved by acclamation. As we are supporting France and Belgium, so we may have to support Holland. That will appeal to the Dutch in South Africa. The Empire is composed of many different races: Germany's action has made them one in spirit.

Mean and contemptible is the attitude of those who would have Great Britain stand aside whilst the Powers break each other, and step in as dictator when they are exhausted. Mr. Massingham has been the mouthpiece of the time-serving, self-seeking poltroons. He has urged that we should best serve France and ourselves by holding our hands and reserving "the immensely powerful weapon of our Fleet." Mr. Chiozza Money, with whom we do not often see eye to eye, has pointed out that Mr. Massingham has done his best—or worst—for years past to prevent our building an adequate fleet. To-day Mr. Massingham is anxious that we should make this "immensely powerful weapon" a reason for "holding our hands." Set a Radical to expose a Radical! Mr. Chiozza Money has done well to show his friend Mr. Massingham in his true light. We go further. This is a time when every patriotic citizen must exercise some self-denying ordinance. Let Radicals who are Britons first and Radicals afterwards forgo the weekly narcotic of the *Nation*. The sixpences they save can be devoted to assisting the people the *Nation* would delude.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, of course, was "not persuaded" that the country was in danger; he did not see that the country's honour was in danger; he wanted to be assured that the conflict would be confined to the protection of Belgium. He desired to know "what is going to happen when it is all over to the power of Russia in Europe." Each of these items adds to our comprehension of the slowly moving minds of Mr. MacDonald and his followers. Beautifully cautious, they wish to take pennies off the bill before it is presented; they would like to go on hoping, looking out of window while other people play the game. But more was to follow. "Finally, so far as France is concerned, we say solemnly and definitely that no such friendship as

the right hon. gentleman described between one nation and another can justify one of those nations entering into war on behalf of the other. If France is really in danger—if we are going to have the power and the civilisation and the genius of France removed from European history, let him say so." Mr. MacDonald is the Professor of the Conditional Mood. Perhaps the most concise reply to him is to be found in a letter by another and wiser Professor—Edward Spencer Beesly—in the *Times* of Wednesday last. "Where or by whom the great conflagration has been kindled," says Professor Beesly, "is no longer of the least consequence. The only fact that matters is that France is about to be, perhaps is while I write, invaded by an overwhelming mass of Germans. If England were to repeat the blunder of 1870, with less excuse and tenfold shame, she would not long remain unpunished."

The Government, in their care for the naval and military needs of the time, have not overlooked grave domestic problems—such as credit, insurance of produce and the supply of food—on which the business and daily life of the nation turns. There is one other step they might take promptly, if, that is, they have not taken it already. Thousands of foreigners, Germans among them, are, we understand, seeking asylum in England. Aliens are a nuisance and a risk in peace time: they are an unqualified menace in war time. If they are neither spies nor bomb-throwers, they at any rate have mouths, and we need not aggravate the trials of hunger in our own people by asking them to share scarce provisions with the compatriots of our enemies. Alien immigration must be stopped.

We have read many opinions of THE ACADEMY and criticisms of its methods with unfailing pleasure, for straightforward, honest comment is a valuable asset to any paper. It need hardly be said that at times these remarks have been amusing; but perhaps the most amusing recently were those in the *Book Lover* of Melbourne for June 6. "I receive regularly," says the paragraphist, "the issue of THE ACADEMY, which is altogether unlike any other literary paper." Good; we read on. "It contains very few reviews. . . ." Surely the writer has not opened his regularly received London visitor for some time? But yes—for he observes that the "Letters to Eminent Authors" are "not bad"; continues that they need "a biting tongue, tempered by comic humour"; and concludes by advising us that "no one man" can undertake such a series. If this Australian critic will read his ACADEMY with a little more attention, he may discern that the "Letters" are the work of more than one hand; he may also discover that there is something wrong about his statement that we print "very few reviews." However, the *Book Lover* of Melbourne is a jolly little paper, and is standing up for literature—the real thing—in a hearty way that is good to behold. It also supplies a fair amount of "comic humour."

Simplicity

HER eyes are but the centre whence
In lucid darkness round her flow
Wide heavens of starry innocence.

Her eyelids on those heavens show
Like little dusky moons; the night
Glows shadowy with dreamed delight.

Simple is she, and has no care
With silk or satin or sweet scent
To emphasise that she is fair:

What need has she of ornament,
When gathered round about her are
Boundless sky and moon and star?

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.

The Angel Chanty

TO windward and to leeward
The stately angels go,
All gold and fire and snow,
When ships are going seaward
To all the winds that blow.

Their wings wrapped close about them—
The seas are bitter cold—
And sea-salt crusts the gold,
And sea-winds fleer and flout them
And cannot loose their hold.

By all the ships that perish
Pale fire between their hands,
Each great good angel stands,
The small drowned souls to cherish
And gather from the sands.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

The War

AT last the terrible suspense is at an end. Europe has taken its leap into the abyss of the Armageddon. Before these lines are in print, Great Britain will be undergoing the supreme ordeal of her history. As we write, we are moved by the splendid spectacle of a nation united from end to end, imbued with the dignity of its own conscious righteousness and fortified with the strong spirit of calm determination. Thus early are we in a position to record that Imperial Britain is taking the mighty task in hand with credit to the traditions of her glorious past and steadfast faith in the cherished ideals which ever rule her destiny. No vainglorious note, no suggestion of malice, nor yet of hatred is to be detected in the voice of her people. On all hands and sides, indeed, it is recognised that

the employment of the sword constitutes a grim and ugly duty. But let there be no mistaking the profound feeling which has stirred the country to belligerent action. The realisation is complete that war was inevitable, that our cause is just in the sight of heaven. No other alternative save the abandonment of our obligations, which, let it be remembered, were incurred solely that our interests might be safeguarded, and that desertion of our friends from whose sentiment we had frequently profited in the past, was presented to our choice. The duty of British statesmanship was never plainer, and the decision upon which the fate of this great Empire rests was given with promptitude and fearlessness.

It will serve no good purpose at this stage if any analysis of diplomatic events is attempted other than that contained in the masterly and memorable exposition of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons. In the course of his great speech he made it perfectly clear that he was prepared to repose complete confidence in the dictates of the English conscience. These dictates have in the aggregate made themselves felt in the absolute unanimity of all parties in the State. In no serious quarter are any doubts now entertained as to the deliberate intention of Germany to provoke a European conflagration. It was known full well in Berlin that Russia would not permit the crushing of Serbia. Where there does appear to have been miscalculation was in the stupid belief clearly prevalent at the Wilhelmstrasse that Great Britain, rather than draw the sword in a life and death struggle with Germany, would leave her friends in the lurch, not hesitating to incur everlasting dishonour that her own skin might be saved.

Germany has relied too much upon diplomatic quibbling. Vainly has she sought to exploit the death by violence of the Heir to her Ally's throne, hoping to the last that specious argument based upon this tragic incident and its immediate sequels would serve to throw the British democracy off the track of justice. But the British people thoroughly understand the issue. Germany herself helped to make it clear to them when she cynically violated Belgian territory and openly flouted solemn treaty obligations. No more need be said on this aspect of the question. Great Britain is content to leave her case to the verdict of history. It is enough that the nation as one man believes with sincere conviction that in embarking upon war we have been inspired by the inseparable motives of duty and interest. Neither the desire for vengeance nor the lust for conquest enters in the least into our conduct. Germany and her Ally are clearly the attacking forces. Wantonly and suddenly they have created situations which they must have known could not be tolerated by their diplomatic opponents, situations from which in the past they have shrunk again and again. The only inference, then, possible is that on the present occasion they came to the conclusion that the hour was ready for them to strike.

LANCELOT LAWTON.

The Trial of Madame Caillaux—III

BY EMILE MICHON,

Avocat à la Cour d'Appel, Paris.

ON the Wednesday, M. Caillaux completed his evidence, returning to the memory of Calmette—to be rebuffed by Me. Chenu, who interposed indignantly: "I can think of no more miserable proceeding than that which consists, or would consist, on the part of M. Caillaux, in coming here to profane publicly the tomb which his wife has opened. There is a classic sentence which he knows as well or better than I do: 'This blood that has been spilled—was it so pure?' Consider it, Monsieur—and continue, if you care to."

With so much majesty and disdain were these words enforced that the witness paled and shrank, as though struck to the heart. But he recovered—for he is a man who allows nothing to deter him—and resumed his speech. In spite of the interest aroused by other witnesses, the impression that remains chiefly on one's mind is this incident.

Thursday we impatiently anticipated the words of Madame Gueydan; this concerned another drama, a drama of the tortures of mind which this first wife of M. Caillaux had to suffer for long months before her divorce. As soon as she appeared there was a general movement of curiosity; she came slowly to the barrier, where, in an attitude a little weary, as though discouraged, she awaited the President's questions. But this weariness was only apparent. When she turned to the jury she seemed Sorrow personified. Madame Gueydan, who must at least be the age of Madame Caillaux, has a tragic beauty. Her brilliant gaze sometimes fixed itself on the jury, sometimes on the Court; we felt in the presence of a woman of energy and intellect. There is not the slightest doubt that her evidence was the most striking of the whole trial. She is the Rival, and Madame Caillaux need not expect any slip on her part. She was gentle, but determined. She tasted her revenge, savoured it, distilled it drop by drop. She spoke slowly, without gesture, and so quietly that Mme. Caillaux strained to hear her. Slightly theatrical, but on the sombre side, Mme. Gueydan varied exquisitely the shades of her seeming monotone; we felt, somehow, that it had all been prepared, studied, with the object of making the other suffer. When she mentioned Mme. Caillaux it was as "the accused," or "this person"; when she alluded to the drama of the Rue Drouot it was as "the crime," or "the assassination."

She told picturesquely of the scenes engendered by the first disagreements; showed her husband on his knees, repentant, saying words that she could not repeat, humiliating himself to the point of declaring himself unworthy of her, finally imputing to Mme. Rainouard all the evil that a man could say of a woman. And, added Mme. Gueydan, "I could give details, and it would be seen that I could not possibly invent them." Mme. Caillaux felt this rapier-thrust, and this time

gave her husband a glance that certainly lacked tenderness. Implacably the witness continued; she began at last to taste the sweetness of revenge. Her sombre face became radiant; her husband had been the prey of "this person," she said, indicating Mme. Caillaux—who, at the moment, in her turn, became her prey.

The time came to explain the famous intimate letters. "They are the letters of a furious woman who sought to oust me from my position. As to the political question, it does not exist; on the contrary, if there are a few lines referring to it, they are rather to M. Caillaux' credit." After this, what remained of the defence? Nothing!

Then, for the first time, a trace of pity came for the accused. The jury might acquit her, but Gaston Calmette and Madame Gueydan are avenged.

The following days—Friday, Saturday, and Monday—though at times not without passion, were of less interest. The interposition of M. Bernstein, our premier dramatist, formed a page of brilliant relief and sharp criticism. The evidence of various doctors was taken—it was almost a procession of doctors, who, not having seen Calmette in his last moments, need have had nothing to do with the case. The incident of Bernstein's appearance—a scene of extreme violence—symbolised the disorder which has characterised the Court from the very beginning. An old magistrate, shocked at the spectacle, remarked as he left the Court, "They have admitted the passions of the street into the Pretorium!"

Tuesday, July 28. Madame Caillaux has just been acquitted. There is not a barrister who will protest against the verdict of the Seine jury. Let us bow to it.

And now let us hope that Mme. Caillaux' example will not be followed, and that violence will not be answered by violence. But should it be otherwise, if the suggestions of calm and forgetfulness are unheeded, one must be neither surprised nor indignant. Who sows the wind . . . !

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

XVIII.—TO E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

SIR,—I am afraid those who do me the honour to read these letters, apart from the eminent ones to whom they are addressed, will think me the most volatile of commentators. A fortnight ago I wrote to Temple Thurston, whose appeal depends less on plot and adventure than on characterisation and those wonderful philosophical and psychological digressions of his; last week I was in faëryland with Maurice Hewlett; this week I take the plunge into the mad vortex of Gaboriau-like waters in order to give you the opportunity of knowing precisely what I think of you. At the moment I undertook to do so I did not realise how difficult a task I was setting myself. You have a big public; your books are snapped up by the traveller as safe beguilers of the weariest of railway journeys; there must be millions of your volumes scattered through the

homes of England. One or two have found their way to my shelves; anything that has been printed has a certain interest for me, and I never know at what moment I may want to refresh my memory, to confirm my impression of pure delight in a particular work, to prove its value as a source of information, or to judge how far the contempt in which I may have held it originally was merited. Hence I have samples of Phillips Oppenheim among my "literary lumber," as a somewhat irreverent family sometimes dares to call my miscellaneous library. But among a fairly extensive novel-reading acquaintance I have failed to locate a single copy of one of your novels.

This is one of the mysteries. I had practically the same experience with Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli; the largest sellers among modern novelists seem seldom to find a patron among readers one knows, and it is a constantly recurring question with me, "Where on earth do these big editions of popular novels go?" There is evidently a class of reader in this country with which I at least have never had touch, and it makes one a little curious to know something about it. Doubtless it is to be found in Suburbia; but as for my sins I have had to live on the borders of Suburbia for a good many years, my failure to discover the particular stratum which absorbs the Corellis and the Oppenheims is all the more remarkable. I imagine you find your readers among the class to whom Sir John Ferringhall, commonplace but sensation-loving, belonged.

The one thing certain is that you make no appeal to the literary mind. In the long list of novels by the author of "A Prince of Sinners" I doubt very much whether one would find a dozen passages that by any stretch of the literary conscience could be called literary. I never found an epigram embedded in any of your pages. The germ may be there; if so, I do not remember it, and a glance through those of your novels which are to my hand at the moment does not suggest that you have ever taken the trouble to cast a pearl before those who rush for your newest effort. You are just a storyteller. You make no pretences at scholarship or a mission. You spin a yarn which depends for its success on a series of surprises, based often on the grossest improbability, but always with the saving element of barest possibility. You are a master of the Art of Sensational Coincidence, and it is no mean compliment, I assure you, that one like myself, who prefers literature, even though it belongs to the order which some call dull, to the most exciting tale ever written, should have frequently had to admit inability to put down a novel of yours until the secret was divulged. Your ingenuity is amazing, and there is no Secret Service in the world that could quite rise to the level which you demand from those who work on your behalf. Adventurers and adventuresses in your hands have the time of their lives, and the changes you ring are as startling to them as they must be to your readers. How some of your people gather the information on which they act, by what means detectives and spies secure the clues without which there would be no story, you do not ex-

plain; and lest awkward questions might be asked, you rush on from wild incident to wilder until all doubts are resolved in your infallibility. Some time ago, while reading "Anna the Adventuress," I said to a man: "This is too big a call on one's credulity; again and again the very person wanted steps from a cab or turns a corner right into the arms of someone equally indispensable," and I was cut short with the remark: "That is not at all impossible; I can tell you a little story of Phillips Oppenheim himself, which is all the justification he needs. I do not see him often. He lives a hundred miles away. One day I met him in a London club. I went over to Paris the next day and was having supper in a restaurant. I walked Oppenheim. We exchanged greetings. The next morning I was in the vestibule of an hotel, and again I found myself shadowed by Oppenheim. A day or two later we met again in London." Those meetings were quite sufficient to make my friend for ever tolerant of the most extraordinary coincidences to be found in any of your novels.

Writing to you as I am at a moment when the world is on the verge of war on account of Servian hatred of Austria, and of Austria's determination to crush that upstart sprig of Slavism, I cannot forget that you are the author of "Havoc." The story, as you will recall—it must be a little difficult for you to reconstruct some of your many plots without reference—turns on the secret compact of Austria, Germany and Russia, which apparently aimed at the crushing out both of Servia and England. Your reading of certain racial tendencies was rather "wide" at times, but there is in "Havoc" some suggestion that you have really devoted thought not only to the wicked ways of diplomacy in modern times, but to the peculiarities of British statesmanship in regard to international problems. In the present crisis, charged as it is with intrigue of which none of us outside the Chancelleries of Europe can know much, I feel almost inclined to say that it might be well for the world if you were entrusted with the pulling of the strings. In "Havoc" you circumvented the most appalling diplomatic stroke which has ever been decided on by three monarchs. In my own mind there is little doubt that you would in real life give the world a series of thrills and then disentangle affairs and order events so that a suicide here and a hot-blooded murder there would be the sum of the tragedy. How one wishes that the joy-bells of fiction might be the joy-bells in fact!

You will not, I trust, think I have been too brutally candid in this note; that I have criticised you because you do not give us something you make no pretence at providing. You are so genial a soul, you so thoroughly enjoy the success you have attained, that I am sure you will forgive the frankness of

Yours obediently,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

When Mr. Frederick Harrison produces Mr. Haddon Chambers' new play at the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday, September 1, it will be called "The Impossible Woman," instead of "Tante."

The Anecdotic "Faculty"

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

IF I begin by saying that the bi-centenary of the death of the famous Dr. Radcliffe set me writing this paper, the reader will at once realise that its heading is in the form of a *paronomasia* in which, on his own showing, Charles Lamb was often happy. Indeed, I do not intend discussing the ability to anecdotise, so to term it, which is one more widely prevalent than might be imagined, but rather do I want to set down a few of those stories about doctors which have helped to humanize them to their patients. A book of bedside memorabilia should, one thinks, be easy to compile. But there is something too one-sided about the matter for it to rise to epic heights. Your wit requires a corresponding alertness of mind for his jests to be supreme. You must have something for your sword to cut against, and an enfeebled patient is hardly likely to bandy words with one who can stop a *mot* with a pill or pour a draught over a retort. The doctor can cut and come again, and you can but smile and smile and be a victim. Thus you degenerate into a sycophant and return a sickly acceptance to the medico's breezy jests without the power to cap him, that last resource equally of the bored or the delighted. One patient, indeed, did most effectually cap *his* medical attendant. He night-capped him. Most of us know the story. An operation had been successfully performed. The "subject's" life had been saved. When he could move, he caught hold of his night-cap and threw it at the doctor (Sir Astley Cooper, it is said). "I pocket the affront," exclaimed the astounded recipient, who, on examining the headgear subsequently, found a thousand-pound banknote rolled up within it. There was no objection to take such a princely guerdon from a live and grateful patient; but what shall be said of the physician who, coming to see one he was attending, found him dead and his hand tightly clenched. Opening it, the doctor discovered a guinea. "Ah, that's obviously for me," he observed, and pocketed the fee. The subject of fees reminds one inevitably of Abernethy, and although I do not intend to repeat any other of the innumerable stories of that rather redoubtable man, I must tell this one. A lady had consulted him, and at the end of the interview laid two sovereigns on the table. Abernethy, at a glance, saw that the two accustomed shillings were lacking. As if by accident he upset the money on the floor, and after having recovered the gold continued his search. "What are you looking for, doctor?" exclaimed the visitor. "For the two shillings, madam." The hint, needless to say, was taken.

As a matter of fact, you must take the hints of doctors just as you must take their physic; unless, indeed, you have the courage of Molière, who is said to have thrown his draughts out of the window. "I hope you followed my prescription," said the doctor. "My dear fellow, I should have broken my legs if I had!"

You must, I suppose, have a very large practice

or be very independent to tell the truth to a patient: "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," once exclaimed Dr. Radcliffe to William III. The King said nothing, but Radcliffe was never sent for again. The story is characteristic of the man who refused to attend Queen Anne, and was not only assailed by the populace in consequence, but was also within an ace of being reprimanded by the House of Commons.

It is appropriate that one should linger over the stories told of Radcliffe at this moment. One of the best is that which concerns a passage of words he once had with his neighbour in Bow Street, Sir Godfrey Kneller, about a certain doorway into Kneller's garden. Radcliffe had desired to have the use of this, and Kneller readily gave his consent. But the doctor's servants made such a havoc among the beds that the painter sent word that he would have to brick the entrance up if the nuisance continued. "Tell him," said Radcliffe, "he can do anything he likes with it *but paint it*," to which came the startling rejoinder, "And tell Dr. Radcliffe that I can take anything from him *but his physic*."

On another occasion the doctor tried a fall with a humbler person, but came off no better. He would never pay his bills if he could help it, and one day a paviour caught him in Bloomsbury Square, where he was then living, and demanded the settlement of an old score. "Why, you rascal," exclaimed the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such bungling? Why, you have spoiled the pavement and then covered it over to hide your bad work." "Doctor," replied the man, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog," retorted Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor. Come in!"—and paid him.

The mortuary jest, as it may be called, is, of course, frequently to be met with in connection with the profession. The reply of Frederick the Great's doctor is the classic instance: "You have sent a good many into the next world, I suppose," once remarked the monarch. "Not so many as your Majesty, nor with such honour to myself," was the courtly rejoinder. The reply of Woodward to Mead, with whom he once fought a duel, is something in the nature of Kneller's rejoinder to Radcliffe. Mead had disarmed his opponent and called on him to beg for his life. "Not till I am your patient," was the answer. And the epigram on Sir John Hill, who, like Garth, tried to mix the useful with the sweet by employing his leisure in the concoction of poetry, is of the same calibre. Some wit had thus apostrophised him:

The worse that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes.

Whereupon a still more malicious enemy wrote:

No! Let the order be reversed,
Or else unlashed his crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

This last may be matched by the quatrain which Dr. I. Lettsom, the Quaker physician and friend of George III, is said to have written on himself :

When patients come to I,
I physics, bleeds and sweats 'em;
Then—if they choose to die—
What's that to I?—I lets 'em.

Dr. Johnson once said, truly enough, that physicians did more good to mankind, without a prospect of reward, than any profession of men whatever; and the anecdotes that record instances of self-abnegation on the part of famous doctors who have refused to take any recompense for their skill and attention are innumerable. The celebrated Dr. Mead, a proud and passionate man, was as ready to do good by stealth as was Dr. Fothergill or Dr. Baillie. In no profession does the bluff manner conceal the warm heart more than in that of medicine. But its practitioners have not always been fairly treated. The Chinese method of paying your doctor while you are well and ceasing to do so directly you are ill sounds logical, and would, I imagine, be readily acceptable to the faculty; but that a doctor should be actually fined, as one was at Dijon, in 1386, for not having cured a person whose recovery he had undertaken, seems to err on the side of great-grandmotherly government. Nor would it be satisfactory to many well-meaning practitioners if the method employed by Goutram, King of Burgundy, was of universal acceptance. His consort, Austrigilda, being at the point of death, desired that her two physicians might be killed and buried with her, a wish promptly complied with by her husband. The story is told by M. de Saint Foix, who, however, does not say whether the lady made the request from attachment to her medicos or as a punishment for their want of success.

The chance of such a fate as this might have given pause, one would imagine, to the ardent following of medicine, at least in those earlier superstitious days, had not doctors then realised that their safety lay in playing on the credulity of their patient, as Jacques Coctier, the physician of Louis XI, realised when he once told his master that the royal demise would follow his own by exactly a week.

It would be interesting to detail anecdotes of such men as Sir Theodore Mayerne, who doctored Henry IV and Louis XIII, James I, Charles I and Charles II, and whose belief in weird and recondite remedies could

not save the life of Henry, Prince of Wales; or of Sir Edward King, who once bled Charles II at a critical moment and saved his life, to be rewarded by the Privy Council with a grant of £1,000—which, by the by, was never paid him; or of Mead and Cheseldon, who attended Newton in his last illness, and of whom Pope once wrote, "I'll try what Mead and Cheseldon advise," thus giving them another claim to immortality; or of Baillie, the fashionable physician of the Regency, to whom Rogers referred when he wrote to Tom Moore and told him that "Bile and Baillie have been my only companions"; or of Holford, whose name is indissolubly connected with the exhumation of Charles I, concerning which he wrote an interesting narrative; or of how many others, who have ministered to the ills to which flesh is heir, and have earned the gratitude of successive generations.

Under the general title of "Oxford Garlands," Mr. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, is about to issue a new series of small anthologies. The volumes are printed in large type, on good paper, and are bound in cloth, at the price at 7d., and are designed to offer the public an alternative to the popular sevenpenny novels. The first four—Religious Poems, Sonnets, Poems on Sport, and Love Poems—are published this month; and other volumes, twenty in all, including poems on children, the arts, travel, life, patriotism, animals, Echoes from the Classics, Vers de Société, Elegies and Epitaphs, and Songs for Music, will be published at regular intervals. The poems have been selected, and briefly annotated, by Mr. R. M. Leonard, who compiled "The Pageant of English Poetry," "A Book of Light Verse," and other Oxford anthologies.

Some months ago Messrs. Greening and Co. began the "Novels from Shakespeare Series" with a novel founded on "The Merchant of Venice," by "A Popular Novelist." They now announce a second volume, "Macbeth." Sir James Yoxall, M.P., editor of the *Schoolmaster*, having expressed strong approval of the series, it is being taken up by a number of educationists, to whom its presentation of the stories of Shakespeare's plays, told in their proper historical settings, makes a strong appeal. The series has been copyrighted in U.S.A. by the J. C. Winston Co., who will issue the new volume simultaneously with the English edition.

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The Begging Nuisance

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

WHATEVER other industries may have been adversely affected by the march of modern progress, there has clearly been no check to the prosperity of the ancient profession of begging. On the contrary, that lucrative calling was never so widely or so successfully practised as it is to-day. The resources of civilisation have placed at the disposal of its followers methods of appeal, and means of communication with prospective victims, which the daughters of the horse-leech would have given their ears to possess. Those twin types of the impudent cadger of all ages were also symbols of the vice of persistent and shameless importunity; but at least they lacked the advantage of being able to circulate their unceasing refrain of "Give, give!" through the agencies of the penny post and the advertising columns of newspapers. In the scientific conduct of their business, in fact, they have been left a long way behind by their successors.

For some reason which is not very flattering to our self-respect, the popularity of begging as a profession seems to have increased enormously within recent years, and to have extended in an alarming degree from the derelict to the "respectable" classes. It has grown to such proportions that nowadays the unfortunate citizen who is believed, rightly or wrongly, to have something to give, finds himself the object of a perpetual bombardment of appeals to his benevolence. He comes down in the morning to a breakfast-table littered with urgent applications for assistance from the charitable, religious, artistic, freakish, and personally impetunious, often bearing the politely hinted but unmistakable suggestion that unless his response is prompt and liberal he has no right to hold up his head in the society of self-respecting men. In search of relief he turns to his morning paper, only to be harrowed by the "agonies" of mendicants who positively must have a few hundred pounds at once, without a shred of security, to save their lives from ruin and their furniture from the broker, or to be confronted with the impudence of "work-shy" youths who advertise their desire to be subsidised for life. Then, perhaps, he goes out, to have collecting-boxes for all manner of objects, legitimate and otherwise, rattled under his nose at every street-corner. If he lunches or dines at a restaurant, the hovering waiter practises upon him that subtle form of silent appeal which—as the prosperity of the "tipping" system bears witness—is the most difficult to resist; if he has his hair cut, or calls a taxi, or asks a question of a railway official, he is subject to the same kind of coercive though voiceless importunity. And so the system of cadging goes on, until the daily experience of the citizen suspected of having any money in his purse bears an uncomfortable resemblance to that of the "certain man" of the parable, who met with a distressing adventure on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho.

It is for their audacity and their numbers that these polite, up-to-date brigands are remarkable. The begging-letter writer of the older type, with his Uriah Heep mode of address and his cant and snivel, was a pestilent fellow enough. But at least he made it clear that he realised his position as suppliant for a favour; whereas your new postal beggar, oftener than not, will exasperate you by the adoption of a tone which subtly suggests his opinion that he is conferring a benefit upon his victim by giving him the opportunity of doing his plain duty as a man and a brother. As for the advertising wastrel who demands a well-salaried sinecure, a subsidy in ready cash, or adoption by some heirless millionaire, his case should be recognised as coming under that still extant statute which prescribes whipping as the penalty for incorrigible rogues and vagabonds. Impossible as it is to plumb the depths of human weakness and folly, it seems hard to believe that advertisements of this type can ever produce a response; yet the very frequency of their appearance is evidence that the impudent cadgers who pay for their insertion have grounds for confidence that they have at least a sporting chance of finding their mark. Whether reputable papers are justified in playing into the hands of these persons by accepting money for the insertion of their appeals is another question, and one that deserves serious consideration in the quarters concerned.

Something, too, should certainly be done to mitigate the nuisance of indiscriminate street collections, which within quite recent years has been allowed to grow to annoying proportions. The "stand and deliver" methods practised by all kinds of leagues and societies, ecclesiastical and secular, are not only unfair to the public, but detrimental to the interests of legitimate charity. Apart from the opportunities of fraud which they present, they tend by repetition to bore and irritate the benevolently disposed public into expressing itself in a stereotyped "No!" to every appeal, no matter how high its sanction or how worthy its object. Moreover, they promote injustice as between charity and charity, since, male human nature being what it is, and men being always more susceptible to these appeals than the other sex, it follows that the lion's share of the spoils invariably goes—irrespective of the merits of the object—to those organisations which can enlist the most attractive ladies. It may further be doubted, without any approach to prudery, whether this street-begging duty is good for the young girls who so frequently undertake it. However that may be, there can be no question that the whole thing is overdone.

While the activities of the street collector could easily be limited by the police, who can suggest any practicable means of dealing with the abuses of the "tipping" system, which provides the cadger of the serving-classes—and not of those classes alone—with the means of extortion? In an ideal world it would no doubt be easy to convince those who now profit by this system that to ask gratuities as a supplement to payment for services rendered is not only morally indefensible, but degrading to self-respect. Alternatively, it might be

possible to persuade the victims of this abuse to stop it—as they obviously could—by the unflinching exercise of moral courage. But since the world is not an ideal one, we may as well make up our minds to endure this particular form of convention-licensed brigandage to the end of the chapter.

Some Subtle Arts of India

NEVER in the world was any art less sentimental," is the proud boast of those most interested in the deeply emotional and yet often intangible work of the highly cultivated Hindu and Mohammedan painters, sculptors and craftsmen of 2000 years of India. No doubt it can be said of us in Europe that we admire and understand Indian art very little, but at least we comprehend and esteem it far better than the infinitely cleverer people of the East appreciate our own æsthetic points of view. Beautiful and deeply seated in antiquity as are the expressions of art and craft so admirably written of by Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy,* the multitudes of India and Ceylon have learnt nothing from them which enabled the artists to make any good use of the best examples of the Occidental world or engraft it upon their varying native gifts and almost divine inspirations.

After the period of Alexander the Great, when the Greeks fortunately taught the Buddhists of Swat and elsewhere something of their exquisite art of sculpture, Western influence has always been in the direction of the crude and banal. This is owing to double ignorance: that of Eastern workers of Western art and the European artists' lack of knowledge and sympathy for Indian work.

In our own day we have, of course, seen the whole of Eastern artistic methods looted for the benefit of the lust of the eye that watches with enthusiasm the Russian ballet and its copyists. But that in no way enables us to understand the true inwardness of Indian art, although it carries us a stage forward in that it allures us to wonder at the beauty of expressions in colour and form—at once steeped in antiquity and intensely modern in effect.

Dr. Coomaraswamy divides his elaborate work into two portions, thus separating Mohammedan from Hindu and Buddhist art after a fashion which greatly helps the student of this entrancing subject. As the chance overlords of the vast Indian Empire, we feel greatly indebted to the author of this clear and excellently illustrated—there are two hundred and twenty-five reproductions of good photographs—volume, which is, as he says, a mere summary of a vast subject. And yet it is a complete work which, with the aid of European collections, will greatly help the lover of Oriental arts and inform him on the more serious side of Indian symbolic designs. In England we are particularly fortunate in the many examples of such work here

gathered together, and also in being able to make use of so informed an author who writes with perfect ease in our native tongue.

This volume and our museums should greatly develop the already awakened admiration for Indian art. Loot has, we suppose, been from time immemorial the source of our exotic collections—as it has also been the fount and origin of the museums of other countries. The vast and valuable store of exquisite Indian work at South Kensington and the British Museum and elsewhere is, perhaps, no exception to this old rough rule of the nations who took what they could and still hold what they can. Whatever means we used as national collectors, we have at least been fortunate, and thus we are in an admirable position to appreciate the author's history and useful notes on every kind of Indian work. He quotes Professor Lethaby as saying, "If we in Europe would set seriously to work in reviving decorative design, the best thing we could do would be to bring a hundred craftsmen from India to form a school." "But," adds Dr. Coomaraswamy, "it is well to remember that, if this is still true, it will not be true for long; for nearly every force at work and every tendency apparent in modern India is consciously or unconsciously directed towards the destruction of all skilful handicraft. Neither Nationalist nor Imperialist educators are concerned with that all-important part of education described by Ruskin as the cherishing of local associations and hereditary skill." All this is very just, no doubt; and the author further says, in effect, that it would be well if one could persuade these teachers that education appears as much in doing as in knowing things—that craftsmanship is a mode of thought, for

All these trust to their hands
And everyone is wise in his work.

But personally we are not so keen about teaching people the arts and crafts they do not appear to wish to know or use. The wisdom of the ancients is admirable, but each period will develop the sort of skill best suited to its own desires. Truly we are on the side of antiquity, and love, among other things, the ancient arts of India which Dr. Coomaraswamy expounds so sympathetically and so cleverly. We are simply grateful that so many profound and delightful artists have gone before us, so long a procession of happy people, for no perfectly adjusted artist is unhappy, and, if the millions of our day do not find their pleasure and occupations in the arts we love, well, the world is behind us, and the Fates have been generous in giving us a thousand generations whose works are preserved for us and with whose souls we are united. As for posterity, we fancy our descendants will be uncommonly well able to look after themselves.

The Nullo score in auction bridge has now become so popular that Mr. Werner Laurie is just issuing a new and revised edition of "How to Win at Auction Bridge," by "Cut Cavendish," with a special chapter on the Nullo declaration, at 2s. 6d. net.

* *The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon.* BY ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY, D.Sc. (T. N. Foulis. 6s. net.)

REVIEWS

The Making of the German Empire

Germany. By A. W. HOLLAND. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS latest addition to "The Making of the Nations" series is useful and adequate. Mr. Holland implies in his preface that a history of Germany in moderate compass is lacking in the English language. He is doubtless right; we are acquainted with many volumes dealing with periods, but none, so far as we can remember, that treat of German history as a whole. In the author's contention that "it is surely necessary that the large reading public should be familiar with the outlines of German history, and should have a clear idea of how the Empire of William II came into being," he is even more patently in the right; the only amendment we can think of to suggest is the substitution of the word "desirable" for the word "necessary."

The reason of the lacuna in our elementary bookshelf is not difficult to give; German history is uncommonly difficult to write. Unless the historian has some particular idea to work upon, such as the Holy Roman Empire, or the rise of Prussia, he will be in continual danger of submersion from the boundless sea of details that clamour on every side, not always without an appearance of justice, for recognition in his pages.

Mr. Holland has wrestled successfully on the whole with the difficulties of his subject; he has given an intelligible outline of the history of Germany; supported by a good historical atlas, his book will meet the need he speaks of. The maps given in the volume are insufficient; so, we must add, is the index, which appears to have been compiled on a singularly arbitrary plan. But all the really important facts of political history are to be found, as well as a certain number of facts bearing on the social history of the country. Of the latter class of facts—we do not speak in dispraise—there are not too many; we were surprised to find Mr. Holland laying down that "occupied with the wars and rivalries of princes, the tendency of writers is to forget the condition of the people"; we should have thought that the modern tendency was just the other way. We entirely agree that this subject is "the most important, although the least known part, of a nation's history," but we are very glad that an overdose of it has not been allowed to obscure the sequence of the political history, which is what the beginner most urgently needs. There is not room for everything, and political history undoubtedly comes first.

Into the detail of the work we do not propose to enter. Mr. Holland does not always give the landmarks of his narrative with sufficient clearness; he makes no general remarks, for instance, on the effects of the Peace of Utrecht on Italy, whereby that country became once again what it had been through most of the Middle Ages, the battlefield of German aspira-

tions. On the other hand the rise of the Hohenzollerns is well marked, and the author always keeps in sight his sound conception of German History as a progress towards unity. Compressed German history is not a dish for the literary epicure, but without some knowledge of it no understanding of modern Europe is possible. From Mr. Holland's book an elementary knowledge of that history may be drawn, without more than the inevitable amount of fatigue and bewilderment.

Art and the Cathedral

The Secrets of a Great Cathedral. By the Very Rev. H. D. M. SPENCE-JONES, M.A., D.D., Dean of Gloucester, Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 2s. 6d.)
The Ministry of Art. By RALPH ADAMS CRAM, Litt.D. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

THE Dean says in the forenote that this book, "The Secrets of a Great Cathedral," is, after a fashion, a sequel to his "Handbook to Gloucester Cathedral," although it has no special reference to or real connection with the former work, and that these "secrets" belong to no one solitary pile, but are the heritage of the many cathedrals at once the glory and the riddle of Catholic Europe.

It is a very scholarly treatise on features common to great cathedrals not only in this country, but also in France and Italy, and the subject-headings are "Romanesque Architecture," "The Triforium," "The Lady Chapel," "The Crypt," and "The Cloister."

With regard to the first of the subjects, the Dean thinks that the round arch architecture is best described as Romanesque—including in this the varied names given to it, such as Lombardic, Saxon, Norman, and Byzantine. It was the architecture *par excellence* of the West, and with certain important modifications, variations and additions, of the Near East also for many centuries. This part of the book is extremely interesting and illuminating. Gloucester, with which the author is so very familiar, is a spirited example of the Norman-Romanesque style, but he mentions that Durham is the most striking example of English-Romanesque. But architects require builders to materialise their ideas and conceptions, and we are told that the Comacine Guild, taking their name from Como in Italy, employed by the Lombard Sovereigns, did their part of the work well and faithfully, and followed their patrons wherever work was to be done.

It may be said that many of the foundations and some of the superstructures of the magnificent reminders of the past were prompted by a desire to expiate in this world the sins of the past, and therefore out of evil came good. The worse the crime the greater the expiation; hence Gloucester and many other noble structures.

There is a short chapter on towers and bells, and then the author deals with the triforium, usually forming

part of the design in Eastern churches as a gallery for the use of the women members of the congregation, but for which, apparently, there was no special necessity in Western churches.

The Dean waxes eloquent on the subject of the origin of the Lady Chapel. He points out that in Apostolic times and thereafter the Virgin occupied a position less prominent than that of the Apostles themselves, as will be seen by the few pictures found in the catacombs; but that gradually and surely her place in the Hierarchy of Heaven grew under the influence of the Crusaders and the chivalry of that period, when courtesy to and protection of the weaker sex became the imperative duty as well as the privilege of Knighthood. "The love of God and the ladies" was enjoined as the paramount duty in the teaching of chivalry. "There was one lady of whom, high above and beyond all, every Knight was the vowed servant, the Virgin Mother of that blessed Saviour," the rescue of whose sacred sepulchre was the primary object of the Crusades. Is it to be wondered at that this cult spread from Knights to peoples, soon became universal, and found its practical expression in the "Mary" Chapel? This came to be a part of every great Abbey and Cathedral, and the Virgin became the "Queen of Heaven."

We seem to remember that the subject of the Great East Window of Gloucester is the reception into Heaven of the Virgin. Art, the author says, is ever the expression of popular opinion; the Lady Chapel of Gloucester is one of the last examples of the addition to the great churches of the mediæval period, and is a testimony of art to this strange development of Christian doctrine.

Other studies in the book are on the origin of the Crypt, principally with reference to St. Peter's at Rome; the Cloister or Close; and a small Appendix dealing with the question of S. Petronilla, as to whose identity opinions seem to be divided, some classics contending that she was only an adopted daughter of St. Peter, and others that she was his real daughter. At all events, St. Peter's at Gloucester, the home of the Dean, claims an altar to St. Petronilla, and he supports the contention that she was a real daughter of St. Peter, and not a descendant of the Havian family.

This book will prove a very useful one for the uninitiated; from it they may obtain a good general idea of cathedral architecture; and notwithstanding a certain amount of reiteration in the introduction and subsequent chapters, the road which the Dean takes is such a pleasant one that the traveller does not become weary. The evolution of Gothic from the Romanesque is very lucidly dealt with, and it is pointed out that Gothic is really a perfected Romanesque, and that the substitution of massive walls characterising the Romanesque for thinner walls with buttressed supports led to the possibility of the magnificent Gothic windows, giving more light to the interiors, and developed the art of stained glass used to fill so many of them.

The book is very well illustrated, and to the lover and student of ecclesiastical architecture is worth very

much more than the modest price at which it is offered to the public.

Mr. Cram's volume is a collection of letters and addresses delivered at different times before various audiences and in places widely separated from each other. No novelty is claimed by the author for his ideas; he simply notes that they are the repetition of truths in danger of being forgotten, now rescued from oblivion. He considers his title to mean that function which art has performed and always can perform as an agency working towards the redemption of human character, and as an accessory to take hold of the sacramentalism that is the foundation of both the Church and the World.

The best of the lectures, to our mind, is "The Philosophy of the Gothic Restoration"; all are from an American point of view and illustrated by references to United States architecture and architects.

"Comes the Blind Fury. . . ."

The Works of Stanley Houghton. Edited, with an Introduction, by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE. Three Volumes. With Portraits. (Constable and Co. 25s. net.)

THE plays and writings of Houghton are already well known; it is the glimpses of his energetic, ambitious life which Mr. Brighthouse gives us in these finely produced volumes which will be new to many and interesting to all. Within a narrow space he tells us enough of Houghton's days to fill the measure of our appreciation of the dramatist who appeared to come so quickly and so swiftly go away.

His hopes did not

. . . like tow'ring falcons aim

At objects in an airy height;

He eschewed the romantical while often preserving the true inward spirit of romance. He allowed himself none of the charms of poetic fancy, but he achieved essential poetry by his acute delineation of life and love. There were no singing robes about him, but at his best, as in "Hindle Wakes," the sentiment was lyrical enough to captivate the hearts of thousands far across the world and wide seas away from the Lancashire people whom he knew and taught us to understand.

The volumes now before us contain all that Mr. Brighthouse believes Houghton would wish published, at least at present. With some admirably reproduced portraits and one delightful drawing by Mr. Beer-bohm, showing a group of modern dramatists watching the arrival, as it were, of Mr. Houghton, these three books are indeed a splendid monument to a genius which was in the act of forming itself when life passed. But to have done so much, even to have written one perfect play which has handed on entertainment and knowledge to vast audiences, is in itself a great achievement. For Houghton himself it would have been, we think, by no means enough. It is easy

to see from the work here collected how nervous and restless was his grip on life, how strong and patient his love of the particular art to the practice of which he seems to have been inevitably drawn.

If we may take only the best-known plays, such as "Hindle Wakes," "The Younger Generation," a title he shares with another playwright, Miss Netta Syrett, and the popular one-act piece, "The Dear Departed," we see him labouring well within the compass of his talents. In all of these, and in many others, he shows us his mastery of technique and, above all, his excellent style of adapting a form of words which would have been soliloquy in the work of a less accomplished dramatist, into the dialogue. These conversations, which are really thoughts not usually spoken, but absolutely true to life, place us in the closest and most welcome contact with his characters. This method of his, used by others, but never with such telling effect, enables us to become intimate with all his personages, and forms Mr. Houghton's greatest claim on fame.

"The Younger Generation" was by no means a play based on an original idea, nor in any way particularly new. Ibsen's "younger generation knocking at the door" forces itself on one's mind at once. But owing to the writer's skilful use of what we may call the soliloquy in dialogue, we are interested and absorbed from the first moment of the play to the last. Other of his comedies had hardly more originality, yet in the working out of the plot and characters Houghton was able, by sheer knowledge of his craft, to impose such effective points upon the dialogue that he could always create for us an interest and an effect which many more generally gifted writers fail to provide. His satiric view, too, of life and love, his acute humour and abstraction, enable him to envision his characters with admirable clearness and a bold air that is far too often wanting in playwrights of our time.

The present collection, which we strongly advise all interested in the arts of the stage to read, inclines one to write an *éloge* on the powers of the late dramatist, but that would be hardly fair to his reputation; for the more one reads his written page the more clearly it is brought home to us that, notwithstanding his successes, Houghton's art had hardly come of age. But if he were, as we think, merely a growing artist, we can still greatly admire all that is best in his published work; his infinite craft, his critical, humorous point of view, his ability to bring us close to his people of the stage by translating their thoughts into dialogue—a tremendous victory this—and his carefully conserved and virginal provincialisms.

Someone said he had never "come to town" in the sense of writing a comedy which should embrace all the world as it is centred in London. Mr. Brighthouse thinks Houghton did not wish to do that, but perhaps wished to give us something newer and truer. Whatever his aims, we know that his accomplishments were greatly admired by other playwrights, and happy is the man who is praised and beloved by his fellows . . . for he is dead.

EGAN MEW.

Translation no Treason

The Ballades of Théodore de Banville. Translated into English Verse by ARCHIBALD T. STRONG. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. net.)

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE is at once one of the daintiest and one of the most robust poets of modern times; he is one of the few who have managed to do homage to the flesh without worshipping the devil.

A good, sane poet is worth translating into any language, if it can be done; sanity is never so common but that we should encourage its importation. Banville was sane and a poet, and Mr. Strong is a good translator, so the conditions are fulfilled. The translator has had, he confesses and we can well believe, a thorny time of it; but the thorns were for him, the roses are for us.

The best recipe for perfect sanity would probably contain Martin Luther's famous three ingredients. They are all present in Banville's poetry. Woman is present in almost every line—every kind of woman. Song is, of course, his medium of expression; but he is not content with singing; like all really sane poets, he sings about singing, and especially about his own singing. Mr. Belloc has written a song with the refrain:

I'm singing the best song ever was sung,
And it has a rousing chorus.

This chorus we are never privileged to hear, but the spirit is the right one. With a subtler, more insinuating egoism Banville writes:

Reader, dear, for joy alone of thee and thine

Fashioned I these silver songs with mirth and might;
Sing them in the woodland, beneath the singing pine,
Sing them in the meadow, gold- and purple-dight,
Straying with thy Lady by moony skies and bright.

"Straying with *thy* Lady"—what an admirable epitome of the chief aim of lyrical poetry! And what splendid conceit!

The third member of the Lutheran trinity is also present in Banville, but the part played by wine is comparatively small. Several of the ballades contain admonitions to fill or empty a cup, and—

To birl at wine from purest vintage preste
comes in the catalogue of things beneath which it is written—

This is the only way of peace and joy.

Still, there is less about wine than might be expected from the disciple of Villon and the adorer of Rabelais.

We should like to give at length the "Ballade of Good Doctrine," from which the last quotation was made, both for the diction of the translation and for the excellence of the aspirations; we will merely chip out a fragment:

To gather many a posy trim and neat,
In Nature's lap on summer eves to lie:
To love the human form with ecstasy.

The first of these lines, which was imposed on us by our summary method of selection, does not altogether please us. In a translation made in ballade-form rather colourless lines are bound to occur; what surprises us in

Mr. Strong's versions is that there are so few of them. The refrain is not always quite successful, but the refrain is essentially a French thing; it belongs to the nation that reckons poetry in terms of "beaux vers."

Another ballade we should have liked to quote is that of "A Fair Amazon." It is a fine translation—Swinburne with Spenser. But there are very few of these ballades from which we should not like to quote.

A modest preface and an introduction full of insight complete a charming volume.

A Herald of Revolt

Clay and Fire. By LAYTON CRIPPEN. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

QUITE apart from any intrinsic value as literature, this book has a peculiar significance as one more evidence of the movement of present-day thought. For some little time now there has been manifest a distinct tendency to reaction against scientific absolutism and the domination of life by materialistic aims. Such a reaction was, of course, bound to come sooner or later, as the unsatisfied elements of life and experience asserted themselves. Many have been watching for the turning of this tide, taking grateful note of all its portents, which are increasing now every year. Such a psychologist as Mr. Henry James, whose consideration of human nature is so truly spacious and lofty, has kept the way open for many years through many travesties of psychological fiction; the romantic realists, of whom Joseph Conrad, W. W. Gibson and John Masefield may be named, point in the same direction—whatever criticism of their work we may offer on artistic grounds; the philosophic concessions of Henri Bergson are similarly significant; Mr. James Stephens' "The Crock of Gold" is a notable contribution; and Mr. Chesterton's very free lance has been gaily broken in the same cause.

It is, then, to this hopeful movement that Mr. Layton Crippen would fain contribute. He opens fire boldly on the boasted advancement of our age, challenging its fruits of "progress" with its palpable unhappiness, which is to say, its sense of lack. That progress, he contends, has been lop-sided; it has achieved, it is true, in a certain direction, but it has not carried forward the whole of life; it has left on one side a great deal, perhaps the most important things of all. In his own words:—

The idea of progress, as it is ordinarily understood, is a false idea. There will be no progress in the Socialistic or Anarchistic or Syndicalist State to which we are tending: it is not progress, it is retrogression that confronts us. There is no progress, there is degradation in our loss of religion, of art, of the instinct of beauty, or romance, of mystery, of the feeling of the immanence of the divine and of holy and wonderful creatures, cherub-winged and radiant.

Mr. Crippen switches us rather breathlessly from one consideration to another. The arrangement of his matter might conceivably have been better; indeed, the book seems to have been rather hastily put together, but the main argument is clear, and the sincerity of the

author's conviction unmistakable. The material side of life has become an obsession. Our art, our literature, our architecture have all suffered by it, and will not bear comparison with the products of earlier periods, while judged by such lofty principles as those which governed the art of Old Japan they are lamentably found wanting. The motive of utilitarianism has largely swallowed up the instinct of beauty, and it is vainly sought to conceal the prime lack by artificiality and elaboration. Moreover, life has suffered in other ways; the home, the housewife, the mother—these have deteriorated in a marked degree from the standards of even three hundred years ago. The buoyancy and courage of life are strangely missing, for "as man has sunk into matter, his fears have increased, until now he lives surrounded by fear, is ever obsessed by fear." Even religion itself has been tainted, and Mr. Crippen gives some very unpleasant examples of religious vulgarity from America; in fact, America comes in for the heaviest indictment all round.

Much of this—and it comprises the major portion of the book—is very pertinent criticism, though it is by no means novel; but when the author comes to the constructive part of his book we could wish him a little more explicit. Perhaps he could do little more than give us a conviction and a hope, as he does. Quoting an old Hindu *swami*, he presents the experience of the race by the figure of a circle: mankind descends from the spiritual into the material, and returns to the spiritual, carrying with him the experience he has gained. It is Mr. Crippen's conviction that we have nearly reached the nadir, or, as he puts it, the centrifugal force is almost spent, and the influence of the centripetal will soon be felt. And he believes that as America must suffer the impeachment of having sounded the lowest depths of materialism, she will be the first to proclaim the revulsion. Then we are given a pretty fancy of California as the new Italy of a new Renaissance.

The significance of this little book lies here: that its author is himself the child of this baffling age, and is typical of a growing number who are similarly feeling the hunger of spirit for the things that "progress" has overlooked, similarly aspiring and groping vaguely for the way upward and out. Viewed in such a light the book is welcome, for if it does nothing else it will provoke to thought, perhaps also to visions akin to his own.

Shorter Reviews

The Mediæval Papacy, and Other Essays. By WM. ERNEST BEET, D.Lit. (Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. BEET'S two previous works dealing with the earlier history of the Papacy gave evidence of very thorough and careful research, handled with fairness and moderation. The present essay on the mediæval period is not so exhaustive as its more ambitious predecessors,

but at the same time, in spite of obvious limitations, it displays the same intimate knowledge of the original sources and of the later literature on the subject. The other essays are mainly, though not entirely, concerned with the fortunes of the mediæval Papacy, or matters germane thereto, and will prove of interest to students of ecclesiastical history. They include "Innocent III and His Times," "The Borgia at the Vatican," "The Churchmanship of Cardinal Wolsey," and others. With respect to a recent controversy regarding a picture of Lucrezia Borgia at the Vatican, it is not without interest to note that Mr. Beet says: "The world wondered at the spectacle of a Pope's bastard, and a woman at that, sitting as regent on the steps of the throne of St. Peter, and exercising supreme authority in the Mother-See of Christendom," thus endorsing the painter's conception of the episode.

Letters from a Living Dead Man. Written down by
ELSA BARKER. (William Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

MISS BARKER is not unknown as a writer of fiction. We fancy she will enjoy that reputation to the end. This book purports to be a series of communications made through the planchette by an elderly lawyer who died not long since. The gentleman is alleged to have been "a profound student of philosophy, a writer of books, a man whose pure ideals and enthusiasms were an inspiration to anyone who knew him." He was also an acquaintance of Miss Barker, and the acquaintanceship formed upon earth has survived, it seems, the accident of death. Well, the reader must judge for himself as to the credibility of this amazing narrative. On Miss Barker the effect of these letters has been "to remove entirely any fear of death which I may ever had, to strengthen my belief in immortality, to make the life beyond the grave as real and vital as the life here in the sunshine." They have impressed us otherwise. Indeed, we go so far as to assert that the "profound student of philosophy" whose uneasy spirit still clamours for intercourse with the inhabitants of earth has invested death with a new terror. There is, it appears, "no respite—however brief" from many of the horrors which beset our distracted mortality. Here is a glimpse of Heaven: "We passed along the margin of a river which divides a busy town. Suddenly from a house by the river-bank we heard the tinkle of a guitar and a woman's sweet voice singing:—

When other lips and other hearts
Their tale of love shall tell, . . .
Then you'll remember—you'll remember me."

That at least might have been spared a purified spirit.

Such books as these serve no useful purpose. They are neither instructive nor amusing. We advise Miss Barker to lay aside her planchette—an instrument in which the secret of a really fine style has seldom been known to reside—and betake herself once more to the production of novels which have, we are quite sure, their many admirers.

Reading Aloud. By HARDRESS O'GRADY. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. net.)

A GOOD writer requires no subject, just as a good lover needs no words. It is the incomplete, striving author who is compelled to drive his arguments or his characters like pigs to market; the artist can reveal himself and delight his hearers on the subject of old boots, while the man who is not an artist may preach and teach the wisdom of Solomon and his auditors only grow sleepy. Complete personality is what human nature hungers after. We do not mean to insinuate for one moment that Mr. O'Grady's thesis is unimportant; on the contrary, we deem it extremely important and useful. But what turns this book from a mere summary of useful information into a delight is—to put it bluntly—the personality of Mr. O'Grady. He has humour, and humour gives him dignity and a sense of proportion. It enables him to communicate his sentiments and enthusiasm without being sentimental or rhetorical. It allows him to be confidential and reminiscent without being a bore. It gives his writing style, his emphasis authority, and his wit sweetness. Such humour is the sign Meredith took for the hallmark of complete personality.

Apart from its individual charm, as a manual of instruction to those who wish to know how to read well and why such an occupation is worth while, we cannot recommend this book too highly. The whole subject is capably handled, and the copious exercises in the Appendix are of real practical value. Mr. O'Grady loves poetry, and loves it for the right reasons. He evidently knows vast quantities by heart, so that whereas misquotations in most books make the reader angry, here we were only pleased at the thought of being useful when we discovered three of them as they occur on pages 29 and 118.

Memorabilia Mathematica. By ROBERT EDOUARD MORITZ, Ph.D. (Macmillan and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR MORITZ, who represents the science of mathematics in the University of Washington, has spared no pains in producing this "Philomath's Quotation-Book," and the result is a volume which scientists, students of all kinds, and many "ordinary" readers will find of engrossing interest. From sources near and far, new and old, he has brought together over two thousand passages pertaining to his chosen field, and the quotations come from poets, philosophers, historians and statesmen, as well as from those whose special province is the exploration of figures and dimensions. It is not possible to say a great deal about such a compilation as this, but we have found it fascinating, apart from the educational aspect, simply to dip into its pages here and there. We notice one important omission. Leverrier's name, as discoverer of the planet Neptune by calculations derived from the perturbations observed in the orbit of Uranus, is mentioned more than once. That discovery was the greatest triumph of mathematical astronomy, without doubt; but John Couch Adams, of Cambridge University, made it as

well as Leverrier, and, had it not been for Sir George Airy's unfortunate delays, to this young English astronomer the chief honours would have gone. It is agreed now that the honour is shared equally; but in such a volume as this some quotation should have found a place recording the work of Adams.

With the notice of this omission, which we feel sure the author will regret as soon as it is brought to his notice, our complaint ceases. The work is lucidly arranged, and all readers must be impressed with the care and labour that have been spent upon it. Certainly the libraries of all who write on scientific subjects will not be complete without Professor Moritz' admirable book.

Fiction

On the High Road. By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

BOOKS of this class attract a large number of readers, for their psychology is of the slightest, and to understand them requires no effort. So far as actual story is concerned, it will suffice to say that the usual plot is worked out in the usual way—this time that of the husband and wife who needed their atmosphere cleared in order to bring them together—and the rest may be taken for granted. There are half a dozen or so of plots that are old as the story of Joseph and his brethren, and novelists make money out of these year after year, simply by ringing changes on them. Place and circumstance change, but the story, never. A great many novel readers luxuriate in well worn paths, and apparently the more often the paths are travelled the better. In any case, certain of our novelists manage to make a good thing out of these old stories; little psychological reasoning is required: a conventional situation or two, a number of extremely conventional characters, a happy ending, and the trick is done. Since the public like this class of work, who are we to complain?

My Lady Rosia. By FREDA MARY GROVES. (R. and T. Washbourne. 3s. 6d. net.)

MRS. GROVES is an exponent of what may be called the "inevitable" school of romance. When, for instance, in the earlier pages of this book that bold-hearted knight-errant, Bernard le Bevere, rescues the beautiful Lady Rosia from the cruel clutches of her captor, it is inevitable that he should marry her before the story is at an end. No less inevitable is it that the story should close with the marriage of these two. "Oh, gentle and strong," exclaims the enthusiastic Lady Rosia to her now triumphant lover, "what a happy woman am I." And there we leave her. But before this desirable consummation is attained there are difficulties to be overcome and dangers to be en-

countered. Our hero—a hot-headed but warm-hearted young man—is sent on an embassy to Avignon, where he has the singular felicity of making the acquaintance of St. Catherine of Siena. For all this, you must know, happened in the fourteenth century. Then there are battles and flights and pursuits, and a hundred other escapades. The description of the London of the period is, on the whole, the best thing in the book, which otherwise is a little too conventional to be quite convincing.

Life Versus Romance. By E. A. NORMAN. (David Nutt. 6s.)

IT is astonishing the manner in which an author can write a novel whereby he leaves himself entirely detached from his characters. Such an attitude may be well when a controversial legal case is under question and the only object is to present the actual facts to the reader, but romance and life should not thus be treated; for when handled in this way the result is far from satisfactory. In the beginning of Mr. Norman's romance there is far too much religion—religion of a very sentimental and unreal kind. People who feel holy things very deeply do not chat about them to every casual acquaintance as do the strange persons in this story. If it has been the author's intention to draw a contrast between Rose, who becomes a Roman Catholic, and Clara, who professes herself an agnostic, the picture as the reader sees it is very blurred and indistinct. Everyone flits very lightly; no one can be said actually to live, yet there is about the story a suggestion that the author could do better if he would be a little less restrained. Situations are conceived, but one looks in vain for any development. The actors walk off the stage as they came on: listless, inert and lifeless. There has been no play; the stage manager has refused to each a living part.

Despite the fact that the New Theatre is filled at every performance, Mr. Maude has decided to suspend the performances during August, as, owing to the strain of playing the part of "Grumpy" eight times each week since last August, he feels it necessary to take a short holiday. The play will therefore not be performed again until Saturday evening, August 29, when Mr. Cyril Maude, by arrangement with Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, will continue the run until his return to America early in November. Owing to Mr. Maude's engagements in America, these will be his last performances in London for two years. The box-office will re-open on Monday, August 17.

Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson announce for immediate publication a new novel by Miss Rosalind Murray, entitled "Unstable Ways," a story which, in the opinion of those who have been privileged to read it, marks a distinct advance upon her previous novels.

Music

THE closing of opera-houses and concert-rooms deprives a certain number of London's music-lovers of their chief opportunities for indulging their taste until the opening of Queen's Hall for the Promenade Concerts. But the people who frequent opera-houses and concert-rooms, even if we include the crowds who attend the "Promenades," form but an infinitesimally small proportion of the Londoners who delight in sweet sounds. Not only are there tens of thousands who would like to frequent Bechstein Hall and the temples of Bow Street, whose occasions do not permit them to do so, but there are more of the genuinely musical folk than the world suspects who dislike the conditions under which music is made within public walls, and prefer an honest band in the open air to all the flutes and violins of shut-in stage or platform. No one who takes an interest in Music and its progress in London's favour should neglect to notice the work which is being done by the numerous bands which play in our parks and gardens. The quality of the music performed by these bands, and, also, the standard of interpretation, has wonderfully improved during our own recollection. Naturally, and, of course, the taste of their audiences has correspondingly improved. We have not yet reached the point which the populace of Italy and Germany, and we think France also, has reached in general demand for what is called "great" music, but those countries have been longer at work than we have in the musical education of the people.

It is true that the writer has not been able to make a wide study of the programmes offered this year by the public bands, and he may be doing, unintentionally, an injustice to conductors and audiences alike. But he has not heard here, as he has for some years been accustomed to hear in the piazzas of foreign provincial towns, symphonies of Beethoven and Haydn, and clever versions of large orchestral pieces by Schumann, Schubert, Liszt, Brahms, Mendelssohn, etc. It is cheering to see one of these great names in a Sunday evening's programme at Ravenna, or Poitiers, or Hildesheim, and towns of similar size, and it would be still more cheering to find them in programmes of public music at Winchester and Shrewsbury and Bury St. Edmunds. Doubtless they are not absent from many London open-air programmes, though not, as yet, very common. It is better, though, that they should not be too common. We have sometimes thought that the great music of the world, not being unlimited in quantity, the frequenters of concert-halls are in danger of hearing too much, or rather of hearing the same masterpieces too often, and may run the risk to which familiarity opens the way. Is it not said that in the Highlands of Scotland there are persons who declare that they can have too much salmon and venison and grouse?

We rather favour the plan of keeping the very great music "for best," as a treat, allowing the staple of

the bill-of-fare to be selected from less exciting dishes. It would be a very great pity if the public bands were to surfeit their audiences with "too much of a good thing." Opinions differ so widely as to what "good" music is that we should hesitate to make a rule that there should be no "bad" music in a public programme. We know that we have very much enjoyed listening in the parks or on the Embankment to much music which some of our friends would deplore. After a Fantasia on "Lohengrin" it was delightful to hear another on Harry Lauder's tunes, and we confess to having enjoyed a "Rag-time Potpourri" and a "Lancers on Popular Songs of the Day" quite as much as an Adagio by Bruch and a Scherzo or something of the kind by Sinding. We remember, also, delightedly, a certain waltz—unnamed like the "Anthem" in Shepperton Church when George Eliot was a child—heard in a suburban park not long ago. If the programme should conclude with a selection from one of Sullivan's Savoy operas (not "Ivanhoe"), we ourselves must stay to the end, even at the cost of having to listen to "The Lost Chord" as a cornet solo.

Conscious as we are of such weaknesses, if weaknesses they be, it will be understood that we have been studying the programmes of the "Promenades" with sobering effect. Hardly anything is to be performed at Queen's Hall from August 15 to October 24 which will appeal, as being an occasional relief from high seriousness, to people like ourselves, who confess, impenitently, to pleasure in what is supposed to be frivolous. Some of the songs, no doubt, are concessions to weaker brethren, and some of these, we will maintain it, are not so "good" as Harry Lauder's, or any better than certain popular tunes of which we do not know the names. The musical scapegrace who goes to the "Promenades" must look for anything which will bear a sort of "ragtime" relation to the finer compositions to rare entr'actes from Gounod and Offenbach to "Molly on the Shore" (that, however, is as good as a Lauder tune), to Mascagni's Intermezzo and the Gavotte from "Mignon." He had better go on Saturdays, when a slight trace of indulgence to weaker souls is discernible in the programmes.

But the "Promenades" need no longer consider the taste of the weaklings. Their audiences are composed of stalwarts who must have much of the big "B's," and very properly desire the rest to be in character. Brahms has his detractors among the apostles of modern musical culture, but Sir H. Wood and his audience are faithful, so that all the four Symphonies are to be performed, and much else. The "nine" of Beethoven are not wanting, and with the Friday company Bach must be as popular as Sullivan once was, or it will not enjoy itself completely. "Take a good dose and get it over" is the principle as regards Wagner. On Mondays you shall have an undiluted drink of him, unless you wait for the second part, which only amateurs of strong digestion will do, for such violent change of beverage as they will have to assimilate

late must be regarded as perilous. To swallow Sullivan and Auber and St. Saëns and Chabrier and Delibes and Edward German after nine or ten immense bowls of Wagner will be like drawing ginger-pop after a course of old brown sherry. The position of Richard Strauss seems as firmly established as that of Brahms. All his Symphonic Poems will be heard, "Zarathustra" being played twice. On the other hand, there is to be no Scriabine, nor are the most modern Frenchmen much drawn upon. It is curious to note that Franck's "Les Eolides" has not been heard in England before this. His Symphony and Symphonic Variations are to be given, also his "Psyche," which is scarcely known here. Stravinsky is the most considered of the Russians. Tchaikovsky's palmy days are over, for, wonderful to relate, the "Casse-Noisette" and the last three Symphonies which so materially helped the "Promenades" to popularity in early days are only given one performance, and "1812" has only two. On the whole, these programmes seem to be drawn up so that they are sure to please the majority of their regular patrons. We suspect that, if Sir Henry Wood arranged them to please himself, there would be more Mozart, and certainly some Haydn, and more of Ravel and Debussy, and something of the lesser-known Russians. But he is very liberal with his "novelties." Twenty-one British compositions are to be heard for the first time, and twenty-four foreign. Among the latter are four sets of songs, with orchestra, by Gustav Mahler, and two pieces by Béla Bartók, a Hungarian musician whose gifts we have heard much praised. We trust that all the new compositions will bring fame to their authors and pleasure to those who hear them. We need not wish success to the "Promenade" season, for success is a foregone conclusion.

Educational

FOR some inscrutable reason, to us at any rate, publishers choose the period of the annual vacation for the issue of new educational works. Can it be with the idea that the jaded teachers will devote their few weeks of leisure to the examination of the latest in school-books, or that their emancipated pupils are likely to take a satchel full of primers with them when on holiday bent?

From Macmillan and Co. we have received "A First Book of Chemistry," by W. A. Whitton, M.Sc. (1s. 6d.). It is a handy little work that should prove suitable for pupils preparing for any elementary examination, and it may very well also be of interest and service to the general reader. The illustrations, by F. Butterworth, show great care in their execution and are quite a feature of the volume. "The British Isles," by Ed. J. S. Lay (6d.), is one of a series issued by the same firm under the general title, "The Pupils' Class-Book of Geography." It is written in plain, simple language that children of ten or twelve years of age should have no difficulty in understanding. There are thirty-two

maps and over three hundred exercises, and the lessons are pleasantly varied with some poetical extracts descriptive of our native land. "The Children's Rossetti," also from Messrs. Macmillan, is divided into three parts—Junior (4d.), Intermediate (5d.), and Senior (6d.). They are graduated selections from the poems of Christina Rossetti, and each little volume is illustrated.

Blackie and Son send us two Nature books which, belonging to another category, might be appreciated by the youngsters during the holidays. They are "Birds and Their Ways," by R. Cadwalader Smith, and "Tiny Town, or In Nature's Wonderland," by Margaret Cameron. They cost 9d. each, and are illustrated with coloured plates and smaller drawings in the text. "The British Empire," edited by Lewis Marsh (9d.), is one of Messrs. Blackie's Travel Books, and is made up of selections from the best works of travel in the language. It is also illustrated with pictures in colour and black and white. The same firm have added to their Copyright French Texts "Légendes de Noël," by G. Lenotre (10d.). These are historical Yuletide stories of the period of the French Revolution and the First Empire. The explanatory notes are all that could be desired, and there are also exercises and a vocabulary.

"The West Indies and Guiana" is No. 6 of the Visual Instruction Committee Handbooks published by George Philip and Son (8d. net). It contains six lectures prepared by Algernon E. Aspinall, secretary to the West India Committee, and an authority on that part of the world. The oral lectures are illustrated by lantern-slides specially prepared for the purpose, but they are also given in book-form, with illustrations, for the benefit of general readers and for use in schools. "A Little Book on Map Projection," by Mary Adams (2s. net), also from the Messrs. Philip, is a treatise on the making of maps which should prove of great use to both teachers and pupils.

Several other educational works reach us from Relfe Brothers, and we regret that the space at our command forbids us giving them more than a passing notice. In geography there are "The Junior Geography and Atlas," by W. R. Taylor, F.R.G.S. (1s. 6d.), and "Junior Contour Atlas" (8d. net), which are well produced, with all the necessary maps and diagrams. "Mathematical Test Papers" (1s. 6d. net) and "Practical Geometry" (1s. 6d.) are two useful books elucidating the subjects with which they deal; while other volumes are devoted to the French and Latin languages, to verse, and Bible stories.

"The Club Woman's Handybook of Programmes and Club Management," by Miss Kate Louise Roberts, is a suggestive volume issued by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls Company. It contains lists of topics for programmes and discussions, outlines of papers, Parliamentary rules, bibliographical lists on scores of present-day topics, instruction in the use of libraries, and how, in general, to get into touch with the people connected with the movements of the day.

wretch he has been made by his enemies to appear. The Congo atrocities campaign was shockingly overdone, and Mr. MacDonnell's qualifying pages will carry conviction to any reasonable mind. If it is a duty to protect the natives against the brutes of civilisation, it is also not unimportant to see that a hare-brained humanitarianism does not inflict deadly wrong in quarters which cannot prove a negative! The truth about the Congo agitation may never be known. Some suggested that it was manufactured in Germany in order to embroil Belgium and England. If Germany wants Belgium—and denials are no proof to the contrary—she would doubtless be glad to add the Congo to her over-the-sea possessions. Its resources and riches have yet to be exploited.

Exactly a hundred years ago, Europe thought it had disposed of the Netherlands-Belgium problem by uniting Holland and Belgium under Dutch King William I. William apparently had an idea that a new Great Power had been created, and that he was to be an autocrat. He was certainly not tender to the susceptibilities of the Belgians; he gradually made them feel that they were a subject race, and probably the last thing his Dutch brain ever thought of was that they would dare to fly in the face of Europe and his own authority. Near the end of August, 1830, Brussels led the revolt. The idea of a union with France seems to have been at first in the minds of the revolutionists. However, they speedily changed their view; they might have been willing to become a separate Government, with a Viceroy representing the House of Nassau, but wisdom did not prevail with King William or his son, and the Belgians decided to run independently. Their courage in this matter was remarkable. They wanted a king. France, with eager eyes on the future and with the subtle sophistries of Talleyrand's diplomacy to mislead Europe, managed to get the son of Louis Philippe, the Duc de Flanders, elected. The Duc would have become King, and France would have been in a position to take Belgium as and when she pleased. But England was wide awake. She threatened war at once if a French prince ascended the Belgian throne. The scheme was therefore declared off and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, England's nominee, was the first King of the Belgians. He made the almost ideal sovereign of a people who were resolutely democratic.

The Belgians have been fortunate in their Kings, whatever the criticisms that may be passed on certain phases of Leopold II's career. Material and moral progress has been more marked in Belgium in the last seventy years than in perhaps any other country. Disraeli and Gladstone vied in praise of her constitutional methods. But Belgium has only enjoyed her independence under the shadow of alien designs. Napoleon III took little pains to disguise his views. He actually proposed to Prussia that he should be allowed to seize Belgium. That was a year or two before the Franco-Prussian War which cost him his crown. More than once since France has had occasion

to congratulate herself that Belgium has continued to exist—a wedge between her and Germany.

The Belgians undoubtedly felt the Congo atrocities campaign bitterly. Great Britain had been the unfailing friend of the Kingdom, and the attack seemed to break the spell which the name of England had for every Belgian patriot. For a time, at least, Belgians were inclined to turn to Germany. This was the more natural because German commerce has grown with Belgium till it has become easily first. Belgium, however, is under no illusions. She knows too well the difference between the friendship of England and the friendship of Germany. She prizes, above all else, the independence she secured in 1830, and that she is prepared to fight for it has been successively proved by her military measures. In 1909 a law was passed requiring each family to furnish one son for military service, thus raising the effective strength of her army to 188,000 men. Last year another law called upon all young Belgians who are physically fit, and this measure, it is estimated, gives her 300,000 fighting men. A determined little people, irresponsibly gay as the French, practical in many things as the Germans or the Dutch, their past has been chequered and picturesque. Their future? An army of 300,000 may assist to mould it; in the presence of modern legions it cannot do more.

The Failure of Country Life

THE charm and healthiness of a country life, the beauty of country scenery, and the wit of the peasant are accepted as truths so much beyond the possibility of dispute that the inhabitants of cities feel they ought to apologise for living there. Our poets generally agree with Captain Kettle that meadows, trees, hedgerows and flowers offer the best possible subjects for inspired verse. People whose notion of a forest is derived mainly from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and whose conception of a river is profoundly modified by the Serpentine, are often at pains to correct their warped views with pictures intended to show them what the country really looks like; so that the demand for "Nature-books" is large and constant, and the work of the landscape painter is conspicuous in every exhibition. We speak of the allurements of city life as something essentially objectionable, by which no decent person of mature age could possibly be attracted; meanwhile our hamlets dwindle and our towns grow bigger. We struggle against this tendency, we write books and deliver lectures to counteract it, and after a score of years of effort we find nearly eighty per cent. of the inhabitants of Great Britain continue to live in urban districts. The Government expends millions of pounds to create a peasant proprietorship in Ireland, and Dublin and Belfast are the only areas in which the population does not diminish. The lack of proper housing accommodation on the land is considered to be

the real difficulty; more houses are built, and the exodus to the towns goes on as fast as ever. In fact, we offer every solution but the right one; in the face of the evidence we continue devoutly to believe in the superiority of country life, and are ready to do almost anything in defence of the land except to live on it.

The truth of the matter is that exclusive residence in rural districts is unattractive to the majority of human beings, while to a man of some culture it is a perpetual torment. For a week-end, or even for a summer holiday, green fields contrast very pleasantly with Piccadilly, but they are intolerable for a lifetime. The penny post is the only link that binds the country cousin to civilisation. Through it he can get books if he is prepared to wait and able to pay for them—and even then how poor is the literary man in Arcadia compared to his colleague in Gower Street with the resources of the British Museum at his hand! Art and Music are even more out of the question, for not only is it impossible to make them the serious pursuits of a country life, but they are not obtainable even as amusements. A defective gramophone and two or three pianos out of tune take the place of Queen's Hall and Covent Garden, while the only substitutes for the National Gallery and Hertford House are the coloured supplements of the weekly illustrated papers. Worst of all is the lack of intelligent society to discuss novel ideas, to supply fresh points of view, and to create new currents of thought. Within five miles of the average country house there may possibly be as many people capable of forming and expressing real opinions. Of these, taking the normal run of human life, two will have quarrelled, either from conflicting interest or mere satiety, and the remaining three must side with one party or the other. The doctor must uphold the local magnate, or he will lose the most profitable part of his connection between nightfall and morning. The gentlemen farmers herd together from similarity of tastes and purpose. The Vicar alone can remain neutral; anyone else who dines with one faction is automatically excluded from the houses of the opposition. These fights and rivalries are the real life and soul of the country; they afford a welcome relief from the eternal monotony, and they furnish the necessary raw material for conversation; but to a man whose interests lie elsewhere, they are intolerably petty and irksome.

Beyond the group of persons more or less educated, there remains the peasant; and anyone who has lived with him is well aware that the Arcadian rustic must be numbered amongst the myths. For the farm labourer of reality it is possible to feel much pity, but little respect. From the point of view of the police constable, he is a shade better than the manufacturing operative, perhaps more through want of opportunity than inclination. Bank robberies are difficult in the absence of banks, and when everyone knows the exact habits, occupation, income, and whereabouts of everyone else, theft and housebreaking become too easy of detection to be either safe or profitable. But in the

sphere of morals he is apt enough to evil. In this connection it is only necessary to refer to the peasant portraits of Eden Phillpotts and Thomas Hardy and their confirmation in the statistics of the subject.

It is a favourite theory with many people that the ploughman makes up for his lack of polished manners and literary acquirements by the homeliness of his wit and his native common sense; this also is illusion. His limited vocabulary compels him to express his few ideas in quaint turns of phrase which sound pungent to the stranger merely because they are unusual; his long silences, which are alleged to cover deep and earnest thought, are merely the result of his having nothing to say. For the most part he is a living automaton. This is necessarily so; for there is nothing more deadening to the faculties than the severe physical toil in which the days of the farmer are spent. "How," asks the Son of Sirach, "can he get wisdom that followeth the plough and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labours and whose talk is of bullocks?" The admiration of literary men for manual labour is, in the majority of cases, fair evidence that they have never done any. The belief that bodily fatigue is wonderfully stimulating to the higher centres of the brain would never survive twelve hours spent with a shovel in a ditch. The experimenter would find himself, at the close of his task, incapable of comprehending anything beyond the most elementary ideas, such as food, rest, and sleep. This indeed, to a mind naturally active, is the vital evil; for over and above the normal desire for more amusement, leisure, and material comfort, the rustic is passably content with his lot. But to a human being who is conscious of intellectual, social, or artistic impulses, the business of a farm is detestable, not only for what it makes him do, but for what it prevents him from doing. Consequently anyone who can plan a future more stimulating than downright vegetation, who wishes to "better himself" or to "see life," extricates himself from the clutches of the land and makes his way to town. It is more than natural—it is inevitable; and the best way to make the country popular seems to be to increase the facilities for getting out of it.

F. C. M.

The Conny-Catching Pamphlets of Robert Greene

SINCE the decline of Antwerp in 1576, culminating in its capture by the Prince of Parma on August 17, 1585, London had become established, without a rival, as the principal city of European commerce; attracting not only Englishmen of the upper and middle classes from the provinces, but a crowd of all nationalities from foreign cities, in a search for wealth. To London, looked upon as the centre of civilisation, came also the sons of rich men, both nobles and farmers, to study law, medicine, and other professions,

and to seek appointments at Court. The wealthy Elizabethans, having no other investments for their superfluous money, converted it into splendid apparel, gold plate and jewels.

These signs of opulence and ostentatious display were the means of engendering a vast horde of versatile thieves and sharpers—from the common pickpocket to the gentlemanly adventurer—who infested the streets, taverns, and even St. Paul's itself; and so cunningly worked their wiles upon the citizens, countrymen, and strangers that the dangers of the metropolis from these pests became a byword and reproach.

In literature, character-writing and satires on social aspects were becoming popular. Robert Greene, then at the height of his fame, was one of the first to perceive the possibilities for literary effect in such a theme as roguery, and also the prestige to be gained by exposing the various artifices employed; thereby accomplishing the dual purpose of amusing his readers and cautioning them at the same time.

Accordingly, in 1591, he composed "A Notable Discovery of Coosnage now daily practised by sundry lewd persons, called Connie-catchers, and Crosse-biters." This is the first of those Conny-catching pamphlets which shed such an illuminating light upon Elizabethan social conditions; especially in relation to the great under-world of thievery, blackmail and prostitution. The "Notable Discovery" was followed later in the same year by "The Second Part of Connie-catching," and by a third part in 1592.

To instance the cleverness and plausibility of the tricks and cheats practised by these rogues as depicted by Greene: the identical methods employed by them, handed down from century to century, are used, with very little variation and with scarcely less success, by present-time card-sharpers and confidence-tricksters. As Greene quaintly remarks:—

Not only simple swaines . . . but yong Gentlemen and Marchants are caught like Cunnies in the hay and so led like lambs to their confusion. . . . The poore man . . . is drawne in by these devilish Cunny-catchers that at one cut at Cardes looseth all his money, by which means, he, his wife and children, is (*sic*) brought to utter ruin and misery.

He goes on to describe the various subterfuges exploited to scrape acquaintance with strangers in the streets, and the artful introductions of accomplices, both male and female.

The "Defence of Conny-Catching, by Cuthbert Conny-Catcher," issued about this time, claims to be a counterblast to the pamphlets castigating roguery. The writer contends that there is as much knavery in legitimate trades and professions, and that the poor conny-catchers might have been left to their own devices. Greene himself is charged with cheating:—

Ask the Queen's Players if you sold them not Orlando Furioso for twenty nobles, and when they were in the Country sold the same to the Lord Admirals men for as much more. Was not this plaine conny-catching R. G.?

But it is not improbable that Greene was the real

author of the "Defence," and wrote it as a method of self-advertisement. Or, at least, he was privy to its publication. He would be very likely to congratulate himself on having gulled the players, and take delight in publishing his astuteness.

The most remarkable tract was Greene's final production of the series, "A Disputation between a Hee Conny-Catcher and a Shee Conny-Catcher," which is an interlocutory debate between a thief and a harlot as to which does most harm to the community, in which the lady easily proves her superiority. The ways and means adopted by the prostitute, the blackmailer, and the bully of the sixteenth century are set forth with a minuteness and vividness which hold the reader's attention enthralled, presenting a pen-picture of the *demi-monde* of the period that cannot fail to leave a lasting impression upon the student of criminology. It is a fine piece of descriptive writing, and, apart from its great historical value, is worthy of being read for the high standard of literary merit to which it attains.

The main portion of this unique book is written in a satirical and burlesque manner; but towards the end a serious note is struck in a narrative described as "The Conversion of an English Courtizen." A young girl, born of wealthy and gentle parents, falls from sheer wantonness, and eventually leaves her country home and becomes a notorious woman of the town. Through the love of an honourable man she experiences remorse for her mode of life, and, cutting herself adrift from her evil surroundings, works out her own salvation, finally becoming his wife.

In this simple, idyllic story one can distinguish the foreshadowing of that human pity for the lost and fallen which has inspired such literary gems as Pré-vost's "Manon Lescaut," Hugo's "Marion de Lorme," and "La Dame aux Camélias" of the younger Dumas. These pamphlets by Greene should be carefully read by every student of English literature, as they mark an epoch in the history of the country and the country's literature which forms a link, startling in its formation and in the strength of its connecting power, between the present and the past.

In spite of his exposure of the sins and vices of others and preaching against human weaknesses in his writings, Greene is a striking example of the physician being unable to heal himself. Habits of drinking and debauchery, first acquired during his travels on the Continent, proved his undoing in the end; and though he must have made large sums by literature, he died in abject poverty. His *métier* was undoubtedly story-telling rather than dramatic composition, and the ingenuity and wit of the former left a great impression on English fiction, especially in regard to the interposition of stories, told by the different characters, into the main narrative. This is markedly emphasised in Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" by the introduction of the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," and was a mode of literary construction not disdained by the great master novelist of the Victorian era.

GEORGE A. BROWN.

Casablanca To-day

A WAKENED by the voice of the leadsman I look out of my porthole to see Casablanca, between a blue sky and a bluer ocean, like a pocketful of dice thrown upon the beach.

The aspect, as far as picturesqueness is concerned, cannot compare with that of Tangier, whose cubical houses are spread upon the sides of steep and irregular hills, whereas Casablanca is situated at the edge of a treeless plain, only a little less flat than the proverbial pancake, a plain of soft red earth, covered at this time of year with a copious growth of green weeds and yellow flowers. The rainy season is just over, and we are beginning to experience a touch of the heat which in the course of a few months will transform those green undulations into the semblance of a barren desert; yet short as its season is, this plain of the Choweyah is so fertile that even under present conditions it will bear splendid crops both of corn and of vegetables. When the French take the country problem in hand as they are now taking in hand the town problem, this district may well turn out to be the finest farming land in the world.

At Tangier, in the precipitous alleys of the native quarter, where, to all appearances, the year might as well have been A.D. 419 as 1914, one's feelings were harrowed by the sight of a dusky Moor carrying a gramophone on his head. At Casablanca, as our ship felt her way carefully to her unprotected anchorage, a little monoplane circled above our heads. The incidents are typical; Tangier is a city of the world, it is only as modern as London. Casablanca is the newest boom-city of all. At Tangier, Europe and Africa have been meeting and mingling and compromising for centuries. Tangier is a homogeneous growth. Casablanca has not grown, it is being put; there is no give and take, no compromise between East and West, the incidence of modernism is violent. In Tangier one rides a mule or an ass; one clears a way through the crowded thoroughfares by crying "Balak," that wonderful term which—according to intonation—means everything between "Pardon me!" and "Get out of my way!" In Casablanca even the native porters cry "Attention"; cabs and motor cars abound; no European with a reputation to lose could afford to be seen astride a mule.

In 1907 the population of Casablanca was about 20,000; to-day the figure is four times as great, and not least among the causes of this extraordinary increase was the effort, seven years ago, of certain shortsighted Moors to reduce the European population. In pursuance of this patriotic object they overturned a narrow-gauge locomotive, killed its driver and sundry quarrymen. Riot, pillage and murder followed, terminating with the historic bombardment, marks of which are still to be seen about the old Portuguese walls. After this came something exceedingly like an invasion. To-day one finds Casablanca in the throes of development; fortunes have been made during the last few years in land speculation; for miles on either

side of the town proper the ground is plotted for building and roads are being constructed.

To pass from the unfinished new town to the old, the one with its wide boulevards—some paved, some still mountainous with rubbish—and its palatial buildings cheek by jowl with squalid huts of board and corrugated iron, the other a crowded labyrinth of dirty white walls, is one of the most unconvincing experiences possible to imagine. The whole resembles nothing so much as a vast World's Fair of which only the Oriental Village is complete. The latter is, if anything, too realistic. That old blind beggar squatting beneath the mosque tower calling "Al-lah, Al-lah, Al-lah," in a monotonous sing-song voice, has really had his hand chopped off and his eyes put out. That street-sweeper who has collapsed like a bundle of old rags over his broom is really stricken; it may be epilepsy, more probably it is typhus—there is a lot of that about. The various odours are horribly real; the chloride of lime is not there merely for dramatic effect; the dust that rises in whirlwinds is just about as dangerous as is the water which that picturesque but profoundly filthy tatterdemalion is peddling out of a goatskin almost as dirty as himself. It is all real, but it is not convincing; any thrill of conviction which makes an essay is speedily quenched by the grunt of a motor horn (usually attached to a dilapidated cab), or by a sudden whiff of acetylene. And there are too many Europeans; at Tangier one did get an occasional refreshing glower of genuine hatred from a native; here one passes entirely unnoticed. Such atrocities as are committed occur among Spaniards and Italians of the baser sort.

The last suggestion of reality takes flight as one passes through the ancient Portuguese water-gate to the quay. Here French soldiers and sailors abound; black troops from Senegal, Algerians, Zouaves, foreigners of the celebrated "Legion," Alpines with their rakish beris.

The little harbour—if such it may be called—is full of clumsy lighters, each with its horde of Moorish stevedores loading and unloading an amazing variety of merchandise. A mountain of military stores is collecting on the quay, for Casablanca is the centre of the French occupation. The French are not quiet workers, but the Moors when at work devote fully a third of their available energy to the production of sound; at the best they chant discordantly, at the worst they howl like pandemonium let loose, while the little narrow gauge locomotives, being in French hands, do not fail to play their part in this symphony of discord.

At low tide the Moors, descendants of a great piratical race, find an inadequate outlet for their inherited aptitudes by swarming about the incoming passenger boats and almost tearing the unfortunate visitor limb from limb in their savage determination to land enough of him to claim as a reward. One Moor to each limb and two to the middle is a usual arrangement. Over beyond the barges, two huge cantilever cranes show where the real harbour works are in progress; France evidently

intends Casablanca to be the Port *par excellence* of Morocco.

From my house-top I can see all these things. Evening approaches; my landlady sings as she takes in her day's washing; through my binoculars I see a Mued-dhin on his minaret, waiting—surely this is the final anachronism—with his watch in hand, for the exact hour of prayer, which he will indicate by hoisting a white flag and by exhorting true believers with his voice. The setting sun has left a glow of pink and amber in the sky; the square white walls seem, in this peculiar light, to be made of some translucent material. From below comes that incongruous medley of sound, motor cars, bugles and drums, hammers and trowels innumerable, the shriek of steam whistles, the clatter and crash of those big cranes. And now through the din I hear, for all the world like the persistent hum of mosquitoes, the monotonous call to prayer of my Mued-dhin and two others. I direct my landlady's attention to them; she shrugs her shoulders; she, like the noisy little engines on the quay, is but an expression of France at work, callous and preoccupied; she has no time for foolish things.

Byways of Java: A Drive In Banjoewangi

THE most convenient way of seeing the country around Banjoewangi is by motor, and there are many private cars in the immediate district. If a car is not available, one must make the best of the best cart to be hired in the place. A "dog-cart," in the innocence of his heart has the native mistitled it, and my first exclamation upon seeing this aristocratic equipage was one of dismay. "I can't ride in a thing of that description!" But I did. There was no help for it.

After that involuntary exhibition of disgust I contented myself with a silent, if disparaging, study of the article brought for our conveyance. The wheels were built up higher than are those of the smaller, ordinary "kreta" (carriage) of the district; also, it was drawn by two ponies instead of one. The animal on the near side ran free, attached to a long bamboo which was lashed to the driver's seat, in a horizontal position, by pieces of old rope. Rope again served as reins, also for traces and a whip-lash.

The cart boasted little furniture. Two crazy-looking lamps that from outward appearance might be supposed useless and fit only for the scrap-heap, and seat cushions which bore a covering that might have posed as leather once, or anything else, for now it was sun-blistered, cracked beyond all recognition, hard and unyielding as stone. So much for our foreign "jaunting-car." In novelty at least lies much compensation! Noisily we rumbled along the roughly made roads which, like most roads "out East," are bad for carriage-travelling and worse for the pedestrian. There is apparently no rule for the driver here, except that heavy traffic is generally confined to one side.

In our best Malay we notified the coachman that we desired to drive out as far as Boeloesan, to enjoy the fresh sea breezes awhile, and after a short rest on the beach to return home again. He nodded assent. With his absurd little whip he flicked the ponies negligently, as if he would remind them of his presence, rather than spur them to unnecessary efforts. "It was a fine road," he imparted casually, "but one might not go to sleep on the way. Farther on, if one be lucky, there are deer, or the wild boar—perhaps a tiger. So much the better, for above all things the Tuan Inggris loves the tiger-skin." No tiger crossed our path that evening—we scarcely went far enough, as our Jehu stated—but we would not have missed that drive for many more discomforts than we suffered.

Shortly after leaving the European locality we came to the native Pasar (market) and its double row of stalls, on which are displayed heterogeneous bundles, or heaps, of apparently useless articles—cheap, gaudy glassware, native slops (slippers), a curious assortment of coloured stuffs, fancy combs, hair ornaments, sarongs and Javanese straw hats, baskets and mats—all in brilliant disorder. So much that is superfluous to the English eye is a necessity to the native. The flare of the oil-lamps, in the midst of our weird surroundings, the cries of natives, insects and animals for the greater part unknown—it was all oddly picturesque, holding a peculiar charm for the stranger's eye. Colours again—we may feast on them to our heart's content out here—flamboyant, bizarre; and in the distance the gruesome tom-tom, tom-tom—a warning note that strikes fear into the most indifferent heart.

"A fire?" No, only a man amok. But it is not near; on the road to Sourabaya perhaps, and he cannot escape his pursuers long. Maybe he will kill one or two—it is soon over. He has not time for many victims. They are very quick in Java with their two-pronged forks, and his poor, blood-thirsty soul has scarce time to satiate itself ere the cruel, barbed teeth have met about his throat, have caught him with relentless grip about the waist. Of what use to struggle any longer? Our fears are assuaged. With a sigh of relief we settled down again to the long ride before us. A few minutes, and we passed the last "toko" (shop) of the village and were submerged in a darkness all the greater for that transient blaze of light.

We were soon surrounded by fields of vegetation and fruit gardens, with here and there a small shack or house of stronger material. Signs of habitation, however, soon grew few and very far between, but scarcely ever did we drive a hundred yards without meeting small parties of natives, carrying produce or driving cattle, and bullock-carts—always bullock-carts!

Women wore quaint head-dresses of a bunch or bananas or maize cobs. Little children had foreheads daubed with white—a sure cure for a sick head, they tell me! Other children, tiny mites, carried loads of grass, paddy or vegetables, balanced across their wee shoulders by aid of the inevitable bamboo. The carts were of a shape and purpose different from any I have come across before. The sides were built very high and

made of split bamboo, interlaced. Principally, they contained market produce, which required little packing or tying as the cart itself obviated all necessity for bags, matting or twine. Some even bore a thatched covering, so that the wagon had every appearance of a native shack on wheels.

A little later we had our first view of the Island of Bali. This island is of particular interest, as it is said to retain many of its old Hindu customs and is still antagonistic to Dutch rule. In the light of a glowing sunset it was revealed to us, white and clear-cut against a background of cloud-topped mountains and bright verdure steeped in moisture from the night before. In a shimmering skirt of soft, light sea-foam it rose out of the water, an island of mystery, and power, and strange adventure. . . . Some day, Fate willing, we will wring from it some of those secrets buried in the heart of olden tombs; we will listen to the roar of wild beasts through the forest, to the chanting of priests in the temple. Maybe we too shall catch a glimpse of the gracious "Uma," the Spirit of the Lake, worshipped by the Balinese; for to those who have eyes to see are the wonders of the ghost-world revealed. But that is for another day, and the road lies all before us.

At length we alighted from our strange conveyance and made our way with difficulty over the stubbly grass and heavy stones that lay between us and the black, wet sands of the shore. Sands, black as I have never seen them before; I almost feared to tread them, so opposed they were to my sense of the general fitness of things. For a space we waited there, watching the tide come in. Not greedily, nor hurriedly—that is not the way of the East—but slowly, softly and very surely, until it encroached upon our ground, firmly, persistently forcing us back. Beyond, the mountains cast an ever-darkening shadow over the slumbrous sea; the sun was lost in the silent depths, and there was a chill in the air that warned us it was time to return.

The homeward drive was delightful. The sea air had caused a pleasant sense of languor, so that we almost forgot our discomforts. Soft-footed cows and tinkling bells, the murmurous hum of insects—all was quiet half-tones, shadowy forms and rhythmic, swaying movement. . . . Little calves and baby goats sped lightly—half frightened at our approach—to their mothers' side. And the saffron moon rose higher till it touched the summit of the loftiest mountain that was gradually passing from our view. Nearing the "kampong" again, lights, suddenly distasteful to our ultra-sentient gaze, blazed in the distance. Men and women, walking for the most part in single file—as is their custom—made toward the village, possibly seeking shelter for the night, work in the fields being done. Every now and then a little group would scatter at the warning whistle of our driver, making a terrified scuttle across the road.

An extra clatter betokened the approach of a horseman more fully equipped. This was the Kepala of the Kampong (head of the kampong), who is responsible for his district and the collecting of that tax and labour

wage laid upon every native in the country by their Dutch rulers.

Once, just before we entered the Gates of the City, our driver came to an abrupt standstill. At first we could not fathom the meaning of this, and watched proceedings with interest. At the foot of the hill the syce drew up. He struck a match; our interest quickened. Was it possible that such decrepit-looking lamps could hold a light to burn? Yes, one of the bent and twisted candle-ends had caught—but the patience of the ponies was at an end and they started off blithely to mount the hill. Apparently such a *contretemps* was not unexpected, for with an easy indifference the driver dropped his reins, and, putting his foot through them, allowed the spirited animals to take their course while he gave his attention to the second candle, that promised trouble. Thus, driving with his toes, he breasted the hill and entered the village. They were good little native ponies, of marvellous stamina, and they had accomplished the drive without a single balk or stumble, without a single lash of the whip or a word to spur them to further effort. Quite a good performance! And now it was over. The journey and all it had taught us had come to an end; but the memory we have with us still, for many are the wonders to be seen by a stranger in Java during a drive of even a short ten-mile radius.

SYDNEY M. ENGLISH.

Banjoewangi, Java, 1914.

The Theatre

"Queen at Seventeen"

MR. GIFFORD'S first production at the Prince's Theatre appeared to delight an enormous audience more than words can tell. Either these people must be devoted to what may be called the "Zenda" tradition, and have no objection to see the world Mr. Anthony Hope more or less created for us watered down on one side and made more melodramatic on the other, or they are happy, simple personages who come quite freshly to a well-worn and obvious set of stage-tricks and revel in the delight of dark plots and not very well laid schemes which are foredoomed to be set awry by the more sympathetic characters.

From the point of view of its particular public, Mr. J. A. Campbell's play, which we believe has already had successes in the country, may be thought to be put together after a very promising fashion. There are mystery and plotting, a beautiful young Queen, wars and rumours of fresh ones to come, such as we used to think belonged by sole right to such States as the Danubia of the play. There are wicked plotters in high places in this country of romance, and there are enemies in plenty in neighbouring lands. To show you how fully packed is the whole drama, we should mention that the first act alone contains five scenes.

Firstly, we see dark plottings and counter-plots in

the Forest of Blitz, and then the convenient cajoleries of a sentinel outside the convent where the young Queen is more or less a prisoner. Soon the gallant Lieutenant Erneste von Hapsburg, son of the Commander of the Danubian army, a great hero destined, you will guess, for the happiest and loyalest love-affair with the Queen, rides from the capital to bring the lady to her people, who are being terribly misled by the Prime Minister. The brave young soldier carries in his company a daughter of a woodman, and when he has some not unnatural difficulty in persuading the Mother Superior to give up her charge to him, he puts at rest her scruples by simply saying of the girl that "She comes as proof of my fidelity." This hardly seems an important statement to us, but on the stage it works wonders, and thenceforth we fancy the young Queen loves the hero; her startling career in camp and court goes forward with a swing and we are surprised at nothing, merely interested to see how many fine old situations can be brightened up and shine newly forth for the entertainment of all who accept the position of affairs as the author arranges them. The play is acted throughout with an enthusiasm and crudity which somehow suited the unsophisticated character of the work.

Miss Jean Cavendish was not quite the stage ideal of the Princess Marizta who becomes the Queen at seventeen of Danubia, not quite the regal young beauty we imagine the Prince's audience would desire. Although not quite physically fitted for the weight of the drama nor the extreme youth of the Queen, she played with so much sincerity and apparent conviction that the most difficult scenes seemed almost possible, and the most noble and high-flown sentiment an affair of every day. As the very wicked and attractive Prince of Carpathia, Mr. Norman Leyland greatly engaged our interest, and wore his splendid uniforms with an air and bravery which sustained many a weak and obvious situation. With a few fresh touches, the rest of the characters might, we fear, have been transformed into diverting burlesque. But this was not the view of the house on the first night; thus the twenty-five or so actors and actresses who struggled nobly with the convolutions of the plot were warmly applauded whenever they had the least chance to amuse or excite the audience. No doubt there is a large public for this sort of so-called romantic drama, so Mr. Gifford and his earnest and hard-working company may look forward to a bountiful reward for their heroic attempt to entertain the public.

EGAN MEW.

The author of "Women of the Classics," Mary C. Sturgeon, has aimed to illustrate the characters of her heroines from ancient and modern literature; she has quoted extensively from the work of Mr. Andrew Lang, Professor Gilbert Murray, Professor J. W. Mackail, Mr. H. B. Cotterill, etc. The sixteen photographic illustrations are particularly attractive, and the book is published this week by Messrs. George Harrap and Co.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday week Mr. Birrell was subjected by Bonar Law and Balfour to a severe cross-examination as to his own action and that of his officials when the troops were trying to stop the importation of Nationalist weapons into Dublin. He cut a sorry figure, and there were several discrepancies in the story he first told, but it all now appears so trivial in the light of what follows that it is hardly worth recording.

On Thursday the Amending Bill was to be taken, but when we reached the House at 2.45 there were rumours that it would be postponed. Had the parties come to an agreement at last, or was it because a larger question had arisen? Just as the sinking of the *Maine* was the final cause which brought about the Spanish-American War, so the murder of the Austrian heir to the throne is the alleged excuse for the war that has just broken out between Austria and Servia.

We had heard the night before that Austrian troops had crossed the Danube and were besieging Belgrade, the capital. If the other great Powers felt compelled to join in, it became a question, as I said in my last letter, whether we should not be drawn into the maelstrom of a mighty European conflict.

I have described during the past few weeks—nay, months—how Asquith has skilfully delayed Irish matters, first on one pretext, then on another. His policy of "Wait and see" has, however, succeeded in a way that even he could never have anticipated. There is no agreement. The parties are as strongly divided on the question of Ulster as ever they were, and yet the Home Rule controversy has disappeared in a flash.

At a quarter to four the Peers' Gallery was full, even Lord Lansdowne putting in one of his rare appearances. Sir Edward Grey said that the situation had not improved, but he was doing his utmost to secure peace. He was in constant touch with all the Powers. Then Asquith rose; he announced that he did not intend to move the Amending Bill. The House had met under conditions of gravity that were almost unparalleled; in these circumstances it was necessary to show not only to the country but to the whole world that Great Britain could show a united front and speak with the authority of the whole nation. He had consulted the leader of the Opposition, who agreed that the Bill should be postponed without prejudice to either party.

There was a low hum of approval from all parts of the House; then Bonar Law spoke. He agreed with the Prime Minister, and in the name of all sections of the Unionist Party he consented that no controversial party business should be taken. Sir Edward Carson had cordially agreed. It was exactly like the scene often described in that class of prophetic novel so popular about ten years ago, when on the occasion of an "invasion of England," say in "1910," the leaders of both parties at once unite before the common danger.

John Redmond sat back in his seat and said nothing. In the face of the two great parties in the State uniting, he was powerless; he no longer held the balance of power—the sceptre he had so long wielded had slipped from his grasp. Personally, I think he would have been wise to have said a word of sympathy or acquiescence. There was no demonstration; the House did not cheer or show any feeling; in fact, members felt too deeply to express anything; but it was significant that several millions were voted for the Navy without the usual discussion in the course of a few seconds.

The House trooped out to talk it over in the Lobby whilst the Clerk read out in a matter-of-fact manner the next order for the day: "Consideration of the Milk and Dairies Bill as amended in the Standing Committee." It was characteristic of British phlegm that the House could calmly settle down to discuss whether local authorities in a consuming area could send their medical officer or inspector to take samples of milk from the infected cow, and whether sanitary authorities could go into municipal trading by selling milk specially prepared for infants. There was no party feeling in it at all; the country members sought to protect the farmers, and the town members tried to see that dairies got fair play. After this, we read the Expiry Laws Continuance Bill a second time. We then went into Committee on the Coal Mines Bill and read the Anglo-Persian (Acquisition of Capital) Bill a second time. The House rose at nine.

The general impression is that we shall wind up things as soon as possible and formally adjourn from fortnight to fortnight to enable the Reserves to be called out if it is thought necessary. There is no panic, but the nation is girding itself up for a great struggle which I still cannot believe will come; but if it does, Europe will know that they have to reckon with a nation that is united and calmly standing shoulder to shoulder. In the meantime, the City stood the shock well. Prices tumbled to pieces; millions were expected from the Continent which did not arrive, and yet only one large firm failed. The Stock Exchange for the first time in its long history has been closed until further notice, and the Bank of England put up the rate from 4 to 8 per cent. Germany, Russia and Austria are all mobilising. France is preparing and Holland and Belgium are getting ready for eventualities.

The House met on Friday at twelve and proceeded to discuss the Housing Bill. At five this was interrupted to allow the Prime Minister to make a statement on the adjournment. He looked grey and careworn. In a low voice he described Russia's action and Germany's demand to know why she was mobilising—to which an answer had not yet been received. He declined to answer any questions until Monday. Meanwhile, New Zealand and Canada have cabled to say that they will stand by the mother-country. All this ought to show Europe that the final word must rest with Great Britain. Pre-

cautionary measures of defence are being taken at Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth and Malta.

I wrote the above on Friday night, and I have deliberately decided to let it stand without alteration, as it is interesting in a chronicle of this kind to show in what proportion various incidents attracted one's attention at that time. I said some of it seemed so trivial then. How much more trivial is it now!

Our domestic legislation, the Irish Question, and the war between Austria and Servia have dwindled into insignificance before the questions that now confront us. On Monday we met at three. For the first time since 1903, when Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill, chairs had been placed on the floor of the House. The venerable Chaplain seemed to many of us to read a new meaning into our prayers for wisdom and guidance. There were very few questions, and most of these were postponed. The Chancellor then got up and moved the Bill to provide a moratorium. MacCallum Scott insisted upon it being read, after which it was passed in all its stages in a few minutes; it is one more proof how swiftly the House can act when it pleases. We also extended the Bank Holiday for three days to enable the banking world to meet the new conditions that had arisen.

Winston's determined action had leaked out and he was cheered by all his old foes on the Opposition benches with hearty vigour. Then Grey advanced to the table; his mobile lips and chin twitched as he slowly unfolded the story of the last few years. Without bias he explained his own efforts in the cause of peace. Reading between the lines of his carefully guarded sentences we learnt authoritatively how near war had been on two occasions over the Morocco question, and how England had saved the situation each time and preserved the peace of Europe. He then brought history up to date and revealed how Germany had offered Belgium a bribe to stand aside, and further had even, with some insolence, offered another to Great Britain. She (Germany) would refrain from bombarding the northern and western coasts of France if we should remain neutral! "That," said he, "is far too narrow an engagement." The cheers that rang out showed that the large majority of the assembly were behind him. His most picturesque sketch was when he described what would happen if a German fleet steamed down the English Channel and battered the undefended towns of France before our eyes as we stood neutral.

The speech was a magnificent one: clear and concise, calm and judicial in tone, and carrying the conviction to our hearts that, while we had done everything to keep peace, we should be wrong if we shrank from battle now.

Bonar Law, in half a dozen sentences, reassured the Government that not only the Unionist Party, but the great Sister Dominions across the seas, were eager to support the Government in their determination to resist the "uncontrolled domination" of any single Power in Europe.

John Redmond rose next. If he had begun by simply saying, "The Nationalist Party are with you," he would have had even a better reception. With great dignity he reminded the House how in 1778 Irishmen had rallied to the side of England in her distress; he went on to say that, while Roman Catholics had not been permitted to join the ranks at first, they had subscribed money for national defence; and he wound up by declaring that England could remove every soldier from Ireland, for the Nationalist Volunteers, shoulder to shoulder with the Ulster Volunteers, would defend the coasts of Ireland from foreign invasion. He trusted that out of this situation there might come a result which would be for the good not merely of the Empire, but good for the future welfare and integrity of the Irish nation. There was loud and prolonged cheering as he sat down.

Then Ramsay MacDonald got up and said the Government was wrong, and voiced the Labour Party's view that we should remain neutral.

A number of other Peace-at-any-price men rose, but the Speaker wisely suggested he should leave the chair until seven, when the Moratorium Bill was expected back from the Lords.

At seven, we went into the Lords and found the Bill had passed all its stages there and had received the Royal assent. We then decided to hear what the Peace-men had to say. Some of them were very earnest, notably Harvey, the member for West Leeds. Morrell was defiant, and spoke of Germany's "right" to cross a little corner of Belgium "with a few regiments." There was very little jeering, although the majority had some difficulty in restraining their feelings.

Looking back on the scene as I write, it was worthy of the pen of a Macaulay. The representatives of a great free nation banded together to resist a wanton aggression, defending smaller countries, and yet knowing that it would destroy our present prosperity and plunge the country into untold distress and misery. But the old spirit which we showed to Louis XIV and Napoleon was showing itself in unmistakable tones.

The House adjourned at half-past ten.

On Tuesday the attendance of members was equally large, but the general tone was, if possible, even quieter than it was the day before. The House was settling down into its stride: we passed some private Bills and postponed others; seventy-five questions were asked and answered in the ordinary way. Votes in supply were put, and standing orders were abrogated to enable them to go through quickly. £104,000,000 was passed without a word for ways and means.

Mr. Asquith was quite calm and collected, and announced that an ultimatum had been sent to Germany on the question of Belgium, and an immediate reply demanded.

The value of our National Defence Committee is now being seen. Mr. Lloyd George announced that a system of war insurance was being put into force, whereby our Mercantile Marine would be encouraged

to keep the seas, and thus ensure an ample supply of food. The Army and the Navy had been mobilised.

One hundred members of Parliament gave notice that they were called to the front, and the House adjourned at 6 p.m., calm, united, and determined. The smoking-room opinion is: "Germany must have something up her sleeve to face such tremendous odds as are now arrayed against her."

MOTORING

AT the present moment, for the private motorist, as for everybody else, there is only one topic of interest or importance, namely, the progress and final issue of the gigantic struggle which is now convulsing Europe. Races, competitions of any description, or records accomplished by individual cars, no longer claim the least attention from even the most enthusiastic motorist, so that the chronicling of, and commenting upon, such of these events as have recently taken place would be merely a waste of time and space. Nevertheless, every car-owner in the country has a vital interest in the present position, for at any moment his vehicle may be requisitioned for military purposes. In France this has already taken place, all motor-cars—even those belonging to foreign tourists—having already been commandeered. According to the Paris correspondent of *The Motor*, as far back as Thursday of last week the motor business throughout France came to an abrupt standstill. "Mechanics in motor factories dropped their tools as they were working, and the factories at the time of writing were almost entirely deserted. . . . Quite small factories were closed, not because there were no buyers, but because there were no sellers. In fact, the whole aspect of France has changed as if by magic, and there is now no such a thing as pleasure motoring or a motor industry."

What has taken place in France has probably also taken place in all the other European countries concerned, and may have taken place in this country before this issue is in print. Already, at the time of writing, a large number of motor-buses—of which London alone possesses no fewer than 3450—have been taken away from the public service and appropriated for military use, and possibly by now the whole of them have been commandeered for transport and ambulance work. The great value of these vehicles for such work was demonstrated in the tests of 1908, when 25 of them were utilised to convey troops from Warley Barracks to Leigh-on-Sea. On that occasion 500 soldiers were rapidly conveyed in the 25 vehicles, so that to-day London, with its 3,450 'buses, could at a few hours' notice transport an army of 69,000 sharpshooters, with their accoutrement, ammunition, entrenching equipment, and rations from the metropolis to any point on the South or East Coast. For merely transport and ambulance work, the ordinary motor-car,

as was shown in the trial from London to Hastings in 1909, is much inferior to the motor-'bus. The cars, being of varying sizes and seating capacities, are not able to deposit the men with anything like the regularity and effectiveness of the standardised vehicle, with its much larger and definitely fixed carrying capacity. As *The Motor* points out, however, the utility of the private touring vehicle for carrying smaller units is not likely to be overlooked, and the probability is that both classes of motor vehicles will sooner or later be required, more especially as the value of the ordinary motor chassis—when sufficiently strong and well constructed—for the transport of artillery has just been so abundantly demonstrated by Earl Fitzwilliam with his fleet of Sheffield-Simplex motor-cars; consequently it behoves every owner of a motor-car to be prepared for the eventuality of his vehicle being required for purposes of national defence.

In the meantime there is, as our technical contemporary further remarks, another aspect of the actual position which should present itself forcibly to every motorist, namely, the fuel question. Careful inquiries recently made lead to the conclusion that the stocks of petrol on hand, along with "cargoes in sight," will suffice for between three and four months' anticipated consumption. The "cargoes in sight," however, may never arrive, and, even if they do, all such calculations with regard to future requirements may be completely upset by Government action. It is therefore incumbent upon the motorist, both from patriotic and personal reasons, to practise the utmost possible economy in the use of his fuel.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

WAR has come upon us and we now have an opportunity of showing the world our quality. We must not become panic stricken, however, and this is a very necessary warning to people at the present moment. The Joint Stock banks are closed, and the Stock Exchange shows no signs of opening its doors. Both acts of precaution, though well intended, made for panic. The Government did not seem to realise the position, and when it did realise it acted in the wrong way. The closing of the Stock Exchange made it impossible for people either to buy or sell securities; therefore, it deprived them of any possibility of repaying temporary loans. This reacted upon the banks, who make a large sum every account by lending cash to the Stock Exchange. It is in days of peace one of the soundest methods of earning money; not only do

In

The Outlook

For July 25th

commenced a series of articles on

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By CHRIS HEALY

who, without party bias, will describe, from first-hand knowledge, the changes that have been effected in the minds of workers in docks and factories by the educational movement.

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lenders of money get the securities, but they also get as a further guarantee the names of jobber and broker. Therefore everyone who has large sums at his disposal lends this money at call from account to account. The Joint Stock banks of the United Kingdom have lent £124,754,754 in this manner. By the closing of the Stock Exchange that money is locked up indefinitely. It is quite true that a large portion of this money could not have been withdrawn without ruining the whole Stock Exchange, but it would have been perfectly easy to give time to the Stock Exchange to repay the money gradually, and certainly at least one-fifth of this money would have been immediately available for circulation.

The Stock Exchange Committee became panic stricken, and it is a notorious fact that certain members of the Committee threatened to hammer themselves unless the Exchange was closed. This was a foolish threat, because the remedy against hammering lay in their own hands. It was a perfectly simple matter to proclaim a short moratorium. Indeed, this was what was actually done. To close the Exchange and proclaim a moratorium thus accentuated the panic and incommoded the banks. The members of the House reply that they utterly refuse to buy shares, and that if they had kept open the whole of Europe would have poured stock in upon them. But on Wednesday and Thursday no dealer purchased any stock unless he had an equivalent buying order; consequently that argument does not hold good. There is nothing to compel a dealer either to purchase or sell. Some members declared that if the House had been kept open certain "bears" would have offered leading securities down to half their value. This is the veriest nonsense; there was a tacit understanding among the members not to offer stock and not to lower quotations. A "bear" who had pursued such tactics would probably have had his coat torn off his back, and might never have got out of the Stock Exchange alive. Indeed, it is perfectly certain that no man would have been foolish enough to attempt to bang the market. He would certainly have been expelled within a few hours—both physically and legally.

The result of closing the Stock Exchange was to notify to the whole world that London was in as panic-stricken a condition as Vienna, Berlin, and all the other Continental bourses. Wall Street kept open as long as London, and these two great centres might have held themselves against the world and shown that the Anglo-Saxon race was incapable of being cowed. The Paris Parquet took the wisest course, for it dealt for cash right up to the last moment. We might easily have done the same thing.

The Stock Exchange must reopen its doors as quickly as possible. It must compel the Committee to pass a moratorium giving members every possible opportunity of paying their debts at the earliest possible moment, but making it illegal to enforce the right to recover until things have righted themselves. This is a very simple matter; no one could possibly object to it, and the moral effect of the re-opening of the Stock Exchange would be enormous. There are hundreds of people who would gladly purchase first-class securities for cash because they are confident in the ultimate victory of England, and because they believe in the British Empire. Also, there are hundreds of people, mostly dealers, who have been short of securities for a long time past. Many of these would buy back in order to clear up their position, for in these days no one likes to have an open position whether he be "bull" or "bear." Also, the general feeling in the House would be against banging, and no man would dare to take liberties in any market; therefore, I urge the members of the Stock Exchange immediately to reopen their doors.

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TO THE SECRETARIES OF LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Every week, before some literary or debating society, papers are read by local ladies and gentlemen, if not by those of wider reputation, in which thought on affairs, on books, on art, science, or philosophy is crystallised.

Often we have been astonished when listening to papers and discussions in local societies by the excellent thoughts excellently expressed, which fall from the lips of men who are yet a long way off the eminence of a Balfour or a Haldane.

Why should these efforts go unnoticed outside the circles of the village or the town in which they originate?

We propose to allot some portion of the space of "The Academy" as often as may be necessary to a notice or a quotation from any of these papers whose intrinsic merits warrant either. This is an absolute novelty in London journalism, and can only prove the success we hope it will be if the Secretaries lend us their co-operation. If they will communicate with us we shall be happy to make arrangements with them which may be pleasing to them and to the authors of the papers or addresses, and will, we believe, be useful and interesting to our readers.

Sometimes we should be glad to publish a lengthy extract, sometimes a sentence or two, always an epigram or a paradox with which the local orator may elucidate or illumine a topic.

Letters to Editors from any corner of the country or the world which contain a point or convey information are always welcome: why should not a wider publicity be given to utterances which are none the less worthy of notice because they were prepared for the purely local audience?

Probably before these lines are in print the Government will have passed an Act suspending the Bank Charter. This will get rid of the gold difficulty, and will allow the Government to issue paper money. There is no reason on earth why England should not issue just as much paper money as she needs and utilise her gold for the purchase of foodstuffs. We must remember that England receives a gigantic income every year by way of interest on money she has lent to the rest of the world. This money will go in part payment of food, and the actual amount of gold that will be needed is probably much less than anyone imagines; so that there is no necessity to become panic-stricken. The closing of the banks was a fatal mistake. They should have been supplied with as many postal orders as they needed against the deposit of Consols. The total investments of the banks of the United Kingdom are about 250 millions. Of this certainly one-half may be considered gilt-edged, and against this paper should be issued. It is quite true that this creates a double credit which in a way is unsound finance; but desperate times need desperate remedies. In the United States banks are certainly allowed to issue notes against securities, and there is no reason why the same thing should not be done at least temporarily in England. We are in urgent need of 10s. and £1 notes. It may take some weeks to print these, but in the meantime there are any number of postal orders available for circulation. To make these legal tender is the simplest matter in the world. Anything is better than a run on the banks and a scramble for gold.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE AMERICAN SILENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It would, I think, be difficult to find any statement so fair, lucid, and admirably set out as to the present invertebrate condition of American literature as that of Mr. Barton Klein, your Boston contributor. Literature? The very word is absurd when written in connection with the United States. People who take up their pens in that country, from journalists upwards (the distance is not far), do not even know how to write English. They split infinitives, pepper their pages with that vulgar slang and colloquialism for which they are famous, and, in sudden bursts of "fine" writing produce long, early Victorian words which have long ago been decently buried without any regret. Consider the claim of a country to be taken seriously in letters when the men it points to with pride are Robert W. Chambers, Rex Beach, Jack London, and the like! There is just one novelist there who, though apparently not a "best-seller," is first class. This is Mrs. Wharton, whose latest book puts her on a level with the best of our own women novelists. For the rest—they are merely tradesmen, dealers in ready-made goods, which are turned out by machinery at so much a yard. That they and their publishers and the editors of all those appalling magazines that are so vulgarly conducted and let down to the lowest possible taste are utterly wrong in their fixed and determined belief that the American nation is made up of men and women with the minds of servant girls is abundantly proved from the fact that the novels that were in the greatest demand all over America this spring were all from the pens of English writers. Galsworthy's

"Dark Flower," Arnold Bennett's work, H. G. Wells' brilliant stuff, Cosmo Hamilton's "The Door that has no Key," Maxwell's "The Devil's Garden"—these were the books in hot and constant demand. And other English novelists who are watched by the booksellers and are beginning to find great favour are Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie, D. C. Calthrop, Temple Thurston, and George Birmingham. Bernard Shaw's plays are read and discussed in every large town and his plays tremendously supported. That America has men who can write is certain, but they can never force their way through the hideous commercialism that has been put up by magazine proprietors and publishers. Let them keep a good heart. Their day will come sooner than even the optimist expects. Already the big sales of the reach-me-down novelists are dwindling. Already the magazines which publish the "great new serials" are feeling a draught. The American "peepul" have outgrown these things and are seeking literature elsewhere. I give America two more years of pig-headed illiteracy on the part of the book-middlemen and then we shall see very different work coming out of the printing presses. Mr. Klein may cheer up. Mrs. Wharton must look to her laurels. There are plenty of good men hidden behind the piles of books by Chambers, Beach and London, whose work will reflect the life and spirit of the vast melting-pot in which they live.

Faithfully yours,

OBSERVER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

La Vie Politique dans les Deux Mondes. Edited by A. Viallate and M. Caudel. Seventh Year, 1st October, 1912—30th September, 1913. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 frs.)

FICTION.

L'Ascète du Mont Mérou. By Marguerite Berthet. (Gastein-Serge, Paris. 2 fr. 50.)

Saint-Ange d'A— By Marcel Barrière. (Alphonse Lemerre, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

The Great Miracle, or the Man Who Could Not Be Killed. Edited by J. P. Vanewords. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THEOLOGY.

The Coming Christ—Christ in Humanity. By Johanna. (Garden City Press, Letchworth. 5s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Principles of Policy. By Lancelot F. Everest. (G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Khasis. By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. T. Gurdon, C.S.I. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

St. George's Magazine; The Antiquary; Bookseller; The Phoenix; Socialist Review; Windsor Magazine; Cornhill Magazine; Fortnightly Review; Islandica; Bird Notes and News; Royal Colonial Institute Year Book, 1914; University Correspondent; School World; Publishers' Circular; The Bookfellow; The Bibelot; Wednesday Review; Revue Critique; Collegian; The Candid; Empire Review; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Poetry Review; Hindustan Review; The Vineyard; La Revue; L'Action Nationale; Harper's Magazine; Atlantic Monthly.